

SEPTEMBER

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

NO. 12

10¢

68 PAGES



**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**

**VS.
THE**

**SINISTER
ANGELS**

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of SHAME!

**ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?**

**Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?**

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What Dynamic Tension Will Do for You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-cheeked weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—waking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

*Charles
Atlas*

As he looks today, from actual untouched snapshot. Holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**Mail Coupon
For My
Free Book**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1499
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.



FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1499 115 East 23rd St., New York City

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

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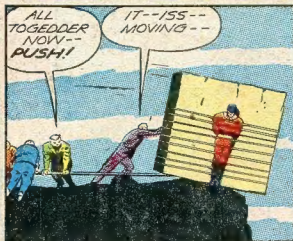
To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the cooperation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT



CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS KNOWN TO MANY AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INVENTORS, BUT ONLY A TRUSTED FEW KNOW THAT IT IS HE WHO DONS THE BLAZING UNIFORM THAT SPELLS TERROR TO AXIS RATS AND BECOMES THAT IRON-FISTED FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM—CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!



OUT OF AMERICA'S
SKIES-AMERICA'S
ACE FLIES TO YOU—
**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**
IN FOUR AIR-BORNE
THRILLER-DILLERS!

THE FLYING HOUSES PAGE 4
THE BACKWARDS PLANE PAGE 24
THE SINISTER ANGELS PAGE 34
BOMBS OUT OF THE SEA PAGE 53

CONVOYED BY

RED SKYE! HE STARS IN "THE SOUND OF DEATH!" THIS MONTH ON PAGE 21
AND THE SERIAL THAT IS SWEEPING AIR-MINDED AMERICA—JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR!—EPISODE 3 IS ON PAGE 47
YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT—NOW DO YOUR BEST!



ORDER IN ADVANCE! We are trying to cooperate 100% in the war effort. With this aim in view, and due to the paper shortage, we are cutting down on the number of copies of each magazine printed. We therefore suggest that you ask your news dealer to reserve your copy of your favorite comics, just to make sure he isn't all sold out when you get to the stand. ●● Incidentally, if the issue isn't on sale the day we announced it would be, remember the transportation difficulties. Every now and then a magazine will be late, even though we'll do our best to avoid it. We're cooperating! Will you? **RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!**

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



THE PUZZLE OF THE FLYING HOUSES!

DO SPIES AND SABOTEURS, TOO, BUILD CASTLES IN THE AIR? HERE'S A MASTER SPY WHO WENT ONE BETTER -- AND MADE HIS AIR-CASTLES COME TRUE! NOT BLACK MAGIC, BUT SINISTER BLACKGUARDISM AND A FANTASTIC PLOT THAT ALMOST SUCCEEDS, UNTIL IT REELS BEFORE THE SCORCHING FURY OF -- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!

WINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT -- THE SPEEDY SPECIAL P-38 OF WORLD-FAMED INVENTOR, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

WONDER WHAT ARMY INTELLIGENCE WANTS MY HELP ON?



THESE NIGHT FLIGHTS ARE SPOOKY -- KEEP THINKING I'LL POP OUT OF A CLOUD AND RUN INTO SOMETHING!



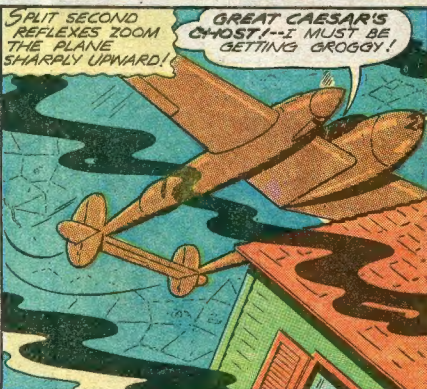
A MOMENT LATER --

WHAT THE --!
A HOUSE!



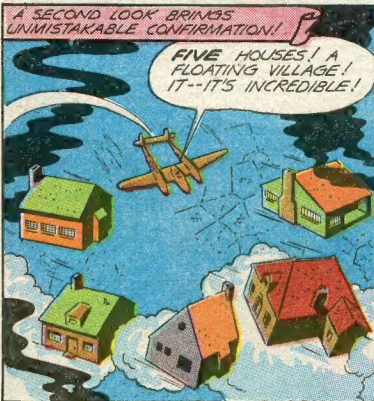
SPLIT SECOND REFLEXES ZOOM THE PLANE SHARPLY UPWARD!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!--I MUST BE GETTING GROGGY!



A SECOND LOOK BRINGS UNMISTAKABLE CONFIRMATION!

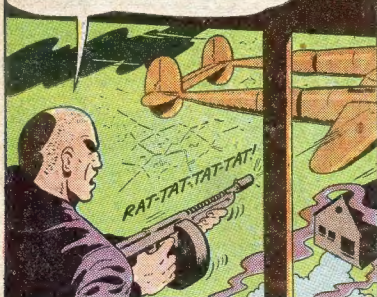
FIVE HOUSES! A FLOATING VILLAGE! IT--IT'S INCREDIBLE!



AND IT'S INHABITED!



I KILL DER SCHWEIN SO HE
SHOULDN'T TELL TOO MUCH!



THE BLAZING ONSLAUGHT
STRIKES ITS MARK!

THERE
GOES
MY
MOTOR!



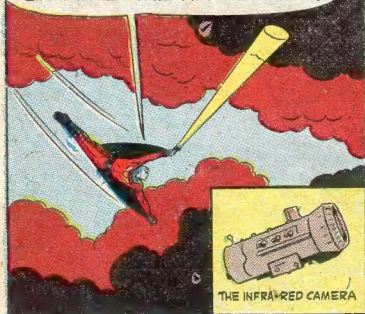
AS THE PLANE STARTS TO FALL,
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT CHANGES COSTUME!

I'LL HAVE
TO JUMP
-- THIS
CALLS FOR
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!



AS HE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD, HE
PRODUCES A RECENT INVENTION-- AN
INFRA-RED CAMERA SET IN ITS OWN
FLASHLIGHT!

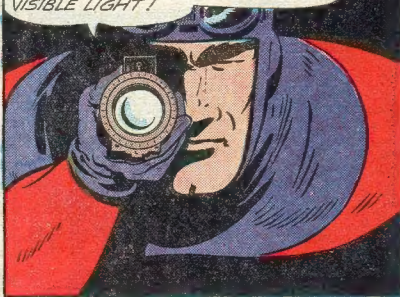
THIS SHOULD GET A PICTURE OF
THOSE HOUSES -- UNLESS I
DREAMED THE WHOLE THING!

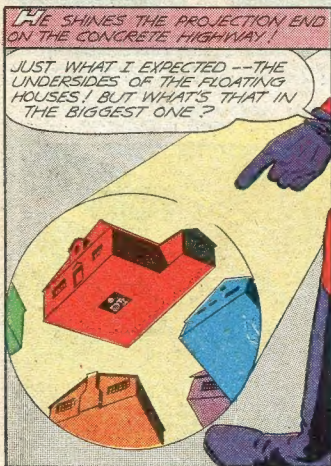
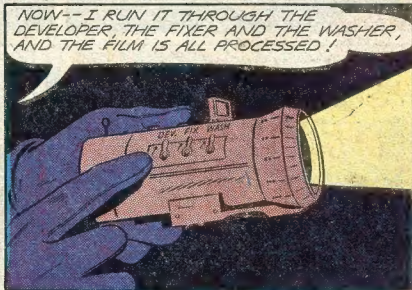


HERE
GOES!



THIS INFRA-RED FILM IS GREAT STUFF--
PHOTOGRAPHING RIGHT THROUGH
CLOUDS AND DARKNESS WITHOUT
VISIBLE LIGHT!





AT THE SAME MOMENT--ABOVE, IN HIS FLOATING HOUSE, THE NAZI EXAMINES HIS FILM!

DER FOOL VAS KILLED, VASN'T HE, HERR ZAUER?

CERTAINLY-- BUT THIS FILM VILL TELL US FOR SURE!



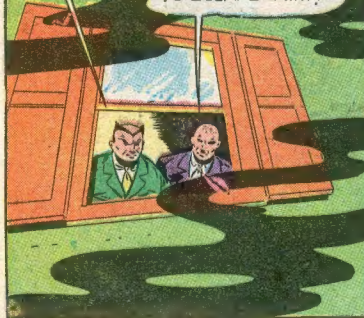
IT ISS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! HE VILL LIVE-- UND TRAIL US!

HIMMEL! VOT SHOULD VE DO?



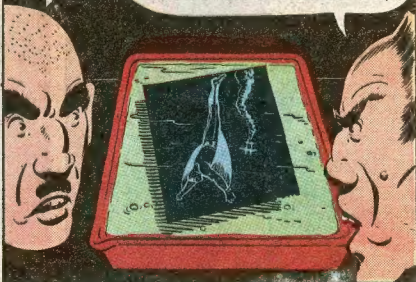
WE LAND IMMEDIATELY!

BUT HERR ZAUER--IF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS AROUND, SHOULDN'T VE KEEP ON FLYING TO ESCAPE HIM?



VOT'S DER MATTER?

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT STRAIGHT, DUMMOX? DO YOU KNOW WHO DOT VAS?

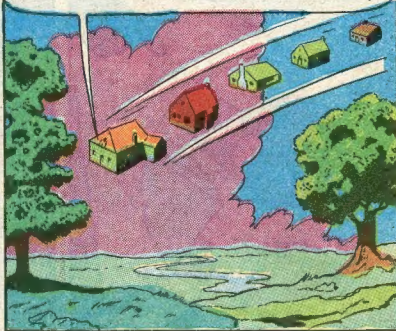


I AM DEFLATING TWO UF DER TEN BALLOONS, BUT KEEPING DER CARBON DIOXIDE PUSHMOTOR ON! TELL DER ODDERS TO DO DER SAME!

JA! I HOLLER IT OUT DER WINDOW!



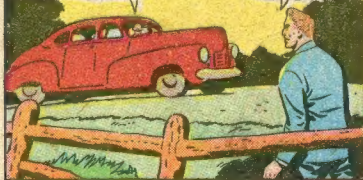
NO, I'VE NEFFER BEFORE FLY BY DAY -- UND I VON'T BREAK MY RULES FOR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! BESIDES-- IT MIGHT BE GOOD IF HE DISCOVERED US!



NEXT MORNING, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT
EXPLOITS THE ONLY AVAILABLE
TRANSPORTATION!

HOP IN, MISTER--HITCH-
HIKERS ARE SCARCE
THESE DAYS!

THANKS--
CARS ARE
EVEN
SCARCE!



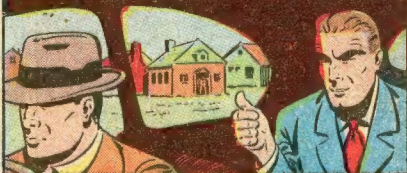
NEVER SAW IT
BEFORE, BUT
THEN I'M NEW
IN THESE PARTS.

WELL, I HAVE
SEEN IT, INCLUDING
THAT FELLOW ON
THE PORCH!



ONLY A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD--

THOSE HOUSES--**GREAT SCOTT!**
WHAT LITTLE VILLAGE IS THAT, SIR?

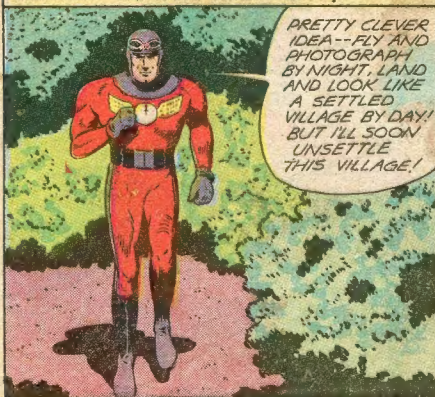


THIS IS
WHERE I
GET OUT,
PAL!

THESE HITCH-HIKERS! THEY
GET NUTTIER EVERY DAY!



**MOMENT LATER--OUT OF THE WOODS
EMERGES CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!**

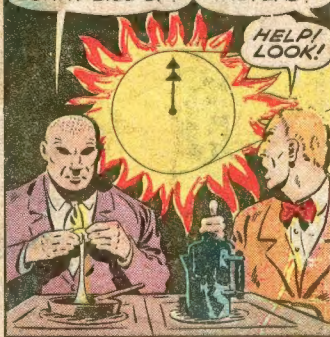


PRETTY CLEVER
IDEA--FLY AND
PHOTOGRAPH
BY NIGHT, LAND
AND LOOK LIKE
A SETTLED
VILLAGE BY DAY!
BUT I'LL SOON
UNSETTLE
THIS VILLAGE!

IN THE KITCHEN OF ONE OF THE
HOUSES--THE DOOM-BEAM
OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

HOW D'YA WANT
YOUR EGGS--
SUNNY-SIDE-UP?

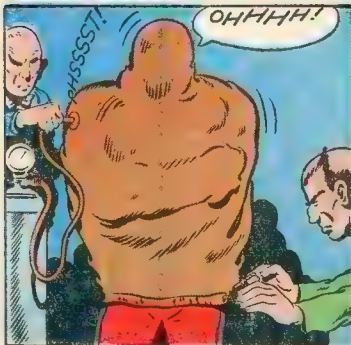
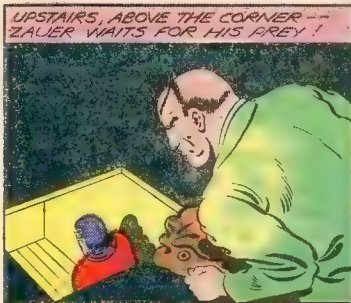
TRY
SCRAMBLING,
INSTEAD!



**HELP!
LOOK!**



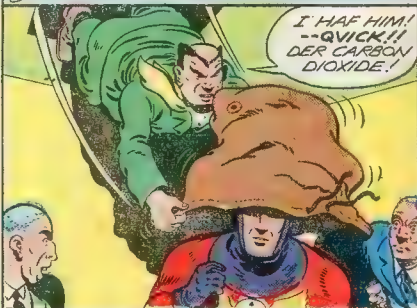
UPSTAIRS, ABOVE THE CORNER
ZAUER WAITS FOR HIS PREY!



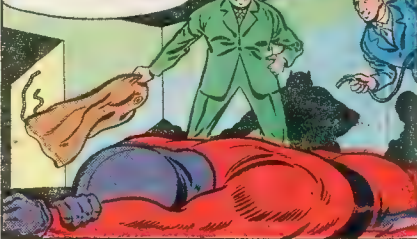
HA-- TODAY I
DISPOSE UF
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!
TOMORROW I
DISPOSE UF
HALF A MILLION
TROOPS FROM DER
MID-WEST BEING
MOVED TO AFRICA
--THEY THINK!



SUDDENLY, A TREACHEROUS ATTACK!

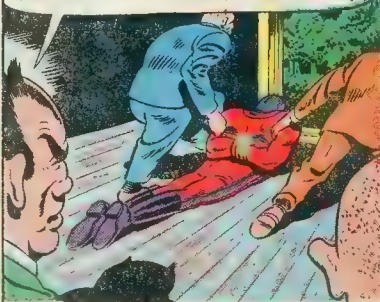


THE CARBON DIOXIDE DRIVES OUT THE
OXYGEN, SMOTHERING CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
SUCCESS! NOW VE
GET RID OF HIM!



GIDDY WITH GLEE, THE NAZIS DRAG
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AWAY!

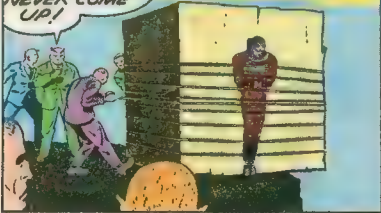
I HAF JUST DER GRAVE FOR HIM --
WHERE HE VILL NEVER BE FOUND!
THEN VE PROCEED WITH MAKING THE
MASTER MAP FOR OUR SABOTEURS!



AN ABANDONED LIMESTONE QUARRY!
IT IS TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP!

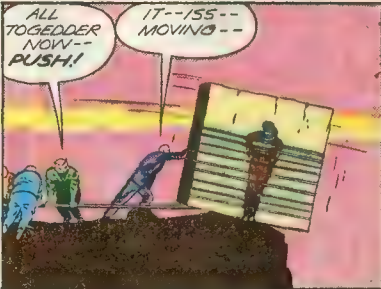


TIE HIM GOOD -- DER
BLOCK WEIGHS TONS!
IT VILL CARRY HIM
TO DER BOTTOM
UND HE VILL
NEVER COME
UP!



ALL
TOGEDDER
NOW--
PUSH!

IT--IS--
MOVING--



THERE!
THIS IS
DER END--

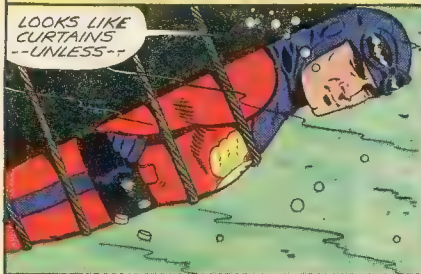


--UF
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

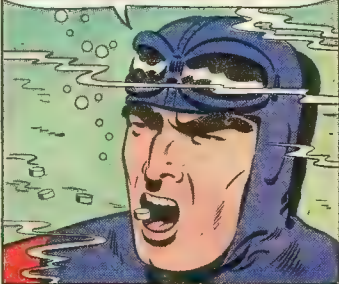


BUT THE WATER REVIVES AMERICA'S ACE. HIS FINGER CAN BARELY REACH A LITTLE POCKET IN HIS BELT --

LOOKS LIKE
CURTAINS
--UNLESS--

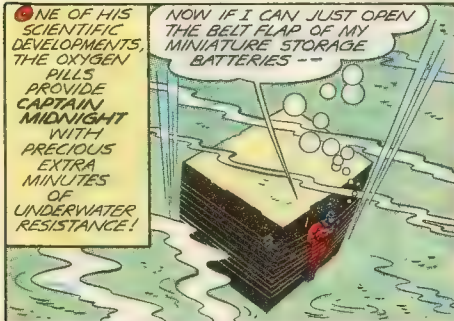


THERE! GOOD THINGS I BROUGHT THESE OXYGEN PELLETS WITH ME!

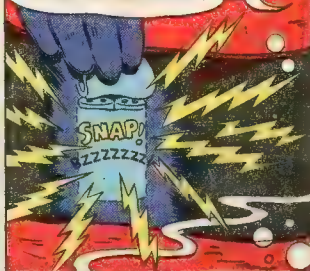


ONE OF HIS SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS, THE OXYGEN PILLS PROVIDE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WITH PRECIOUS EXTRA MINUTES OF UNDERWATER RESISTANCE!

NOW IF I CAN JUST OPEN THE BELT FLAP OF MY MINIATURE STORAGE BATTERIES --



-- GOT IT! MY ONLY HOPE IS TO START ELECTROLYSIS ON THE LIMESTONE!

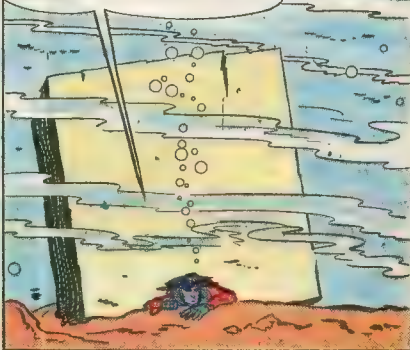


PINY, BUT MIGHTY, THE STORAGE BATTERIES EMIT A POWERFUL CURRENT, CAUSING THE LIMESTONE TO COMBINE CHEMICALLY WITH THE WATER!

AH-- I FEEL THE
ROPES GETTING
SLACK ALREADY!



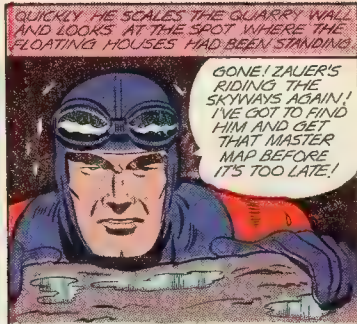
IT WORKED! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PRESSURE BURSTS MY EAR DRUMS!





FREE -- HE SHOOTS RAPIDLY TO THE SURFACE!

IF ZAUER'S FLOATING HOUSES ARE AIMED AT THE TROOP MOVEMENT, HE MUST BE USING THE PHOTOGRAPHS FOR A MASTER MAP OF THE AREA TO USE IN A GIGANTIC SABOTAGE PLOT!



QUICKLY HE SCALES THE QUARRY WALL AND LOOKS AT THE SPOT WHERE THE FLOATING HOUSES HAD BEEN STANDING.

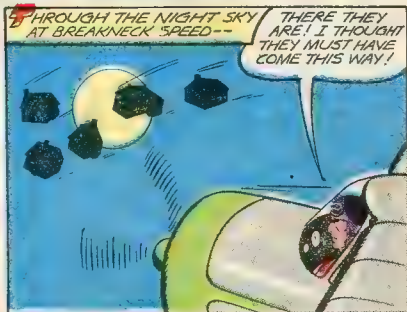
GONE! ZAUER'S RIDING THE SKYWAYS AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND GET THAT MASTER MAP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DASHES BACK DOWN THE HIGHWAY!

I THOUGHT I REMEMBERED PASSING THIS LITTLE AIRFIELD! CAN I BORROW YOUR WACO IV, BUB?

JEEPERS! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! -- ER -- SURE! I'M ONE OF YOUR SECRET SQUADRON!



THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY AT BREAKNECK SPEED --

THERE THEY ARE! I THOUGHT THEY MUST HAVE COME THIS WAY!



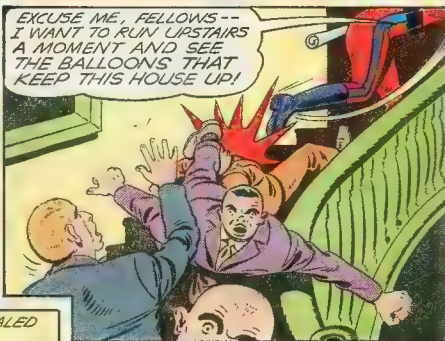
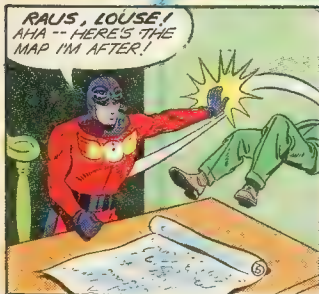
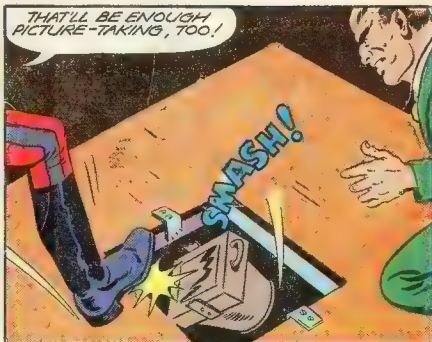
THE GYRO-PILOT WILL TAKE CARE OF THE PLANE! I'VE GOT SOME NAZIS TO TAKE CARE OF!

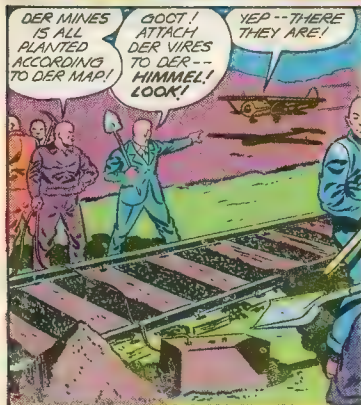
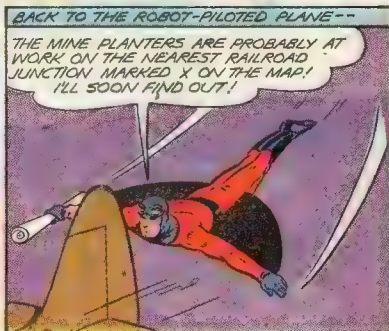
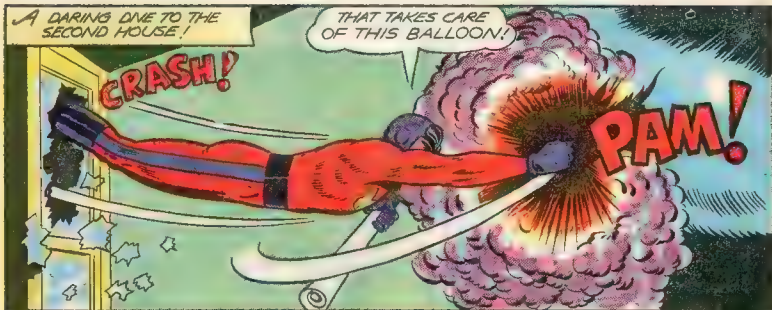


INSIDE, THE MAP-MAKING CONTINUES!

THESE PHOTOS WILL COMPLETE THE MAP -- WE MUST RUSH THEM TO DER MINE-PLANTERS!

SCHRECKLICH! LOOK! -- DER SIGN UP CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!





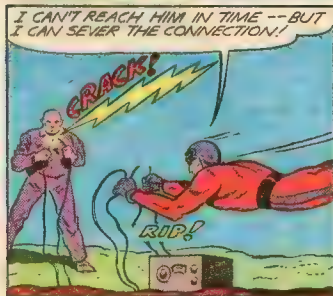


THE JIG'S UP, RATZIS --
MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT!



I BLOW UP THESE MINES NOW --
ISS BETTER THAN NODDINKS!

OH-OH!



I CAN'T REACH HIM IN TIME -- BUT
I CAN SEVER THE CONNECTION!

CRACK!

RIP!



BUT, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER --

WHAT
THE --
HOW DID
THAT
HAPPEN?

KA-BOOM!



I'D BETTER TAKE
CARE OF YOU
RIGHT NOW!

HERE'S WHERE THE
EXPLOSION WAS --
LOOKS LIKE
SABOTAGE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND THE STATE
POLICE EXAMINE THE SET-UP!

THIS IS A RADIO
TRANSMITTER --
WIRED TO SET
OFF ALL THE
OTHER RAIL-
ROAD JUNCTIONS
THEY PLANTED
AT THE SAME
TIME!

THEN BY RIPPING OUT
THE WIRE YOU SAVED
ALL THE OTHER RAIL-
ROAD JUNCTIONS EVEN
THOUGH YOU COULDN'T
SAVE THIS ONE!

THE SABOTAGE CLEANED UP, **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** SETS OUT TO CATCH THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND IT!

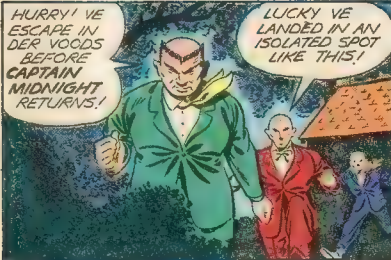
ZAUER INTENDED TO BLOW UP THOSE JUNCTIONS AS THE TROOP TRAINS CROSSED THEM-- THAT MASTER MAP WAS FOR TIMING!

WE'LL USE IT TO LOCATE THE OTHER MINES AND RIP THEM OUT!



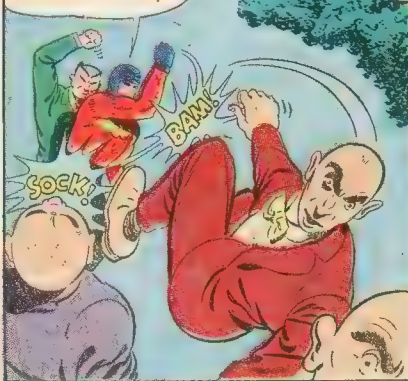
HURRY! WE ESCAPE IN DER WOODS BEFORE **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** RETURNS!

LUCKY WE LANDED IN AN ISOLATED SPOT LIKE THIS!



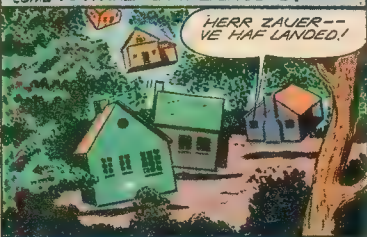
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TURNS HIS SEARING FURY UPON THE SPIES!

SURPRISED TO SEE ME, AREN'T YOU?



MEANWHILE, THE FLOATING HOUSES COME TO A HALT ON THE GROUND!

HERR ZAUER-- WE HAF LANDED!



THEY FIND A PATH IN THE WOODS!

NOW WE ESCAPE FROM-- ACH!

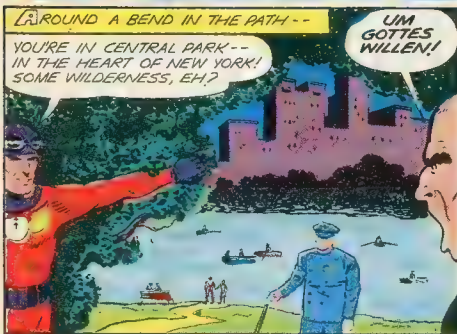
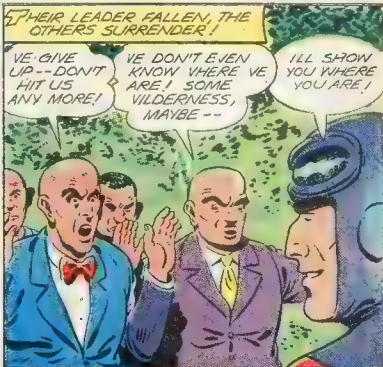
COME TO POPPA, BOYS! I THOUGHT YOU'D FLOAT TO EARTH AROUND HERE!



A COWARDLY BLOW!

YOU'LL BE EVEN MORE SURPRISED WHEN-- UGH!





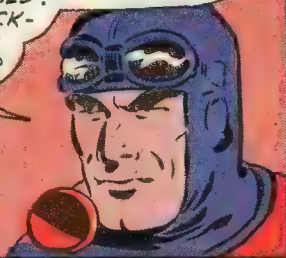
YOU DON'T SCARE US, YOU NAZI
MURDERERS! WE'LL LICK YOU BECAUSE—
AMERICANS ARE BUYING
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



KEEP THE SPIRIT OF
'76 ALIVE
BY INVESTING \$18.75 !!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CALLING! EVERY
TIME YOU **BUY A WAR BOND
OR STAMP**, AN AMERICAN
SOLDIER SAYS "THANKS"! HOW
ABOUT IT, PALS?
ARE YOU BACK-
ING UP OUR
FIGHTERS?

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S ACE,
HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!



RED SKYE FLIES AGAIN!

The SOUND OF DEATH

BY JOSEPH J. MILLARD



BEHIND HIM THE
WHOLE SIDE OF KISKA VOLCANO
SEEMED TO ERUPT!!

The Japs had a key installation nobody could bomb. One after another the Yanks went out to try—and one after another, they died! But pilot Red Skye had a crazy idea...

THE WAITING was the most terrible part of it. All over the big Army Air Base, somewhere in the Aleutian Islands, men hovered tensely around the loudspeakers to hear a brave man die. In the Headquarters shack, a group of officers listened with set, white faces, avoiding one another's eyes. In the Quonset hut, the pilots' Ready-Room, those pilots who had been left

behind chewed their nails and paced the floor in silent, helpless fury. Around the scattered, camouflaged hangars the ground crews listened in sullen rage to the last words of the man who would never come back.

It was one of those rarest of Aleutian days. There was no fog, no snow, no rain. The sun shone brightly and the breeze was gentle. There was not even a trace of the lurking, fiendish *Williwaw*, the freak Aleutian storm that could roar up from a whisper to a hundred-mile gale in the length of time it took a pilot to taxi across a runway.

It was a perfect flying day

—and somewhere miles to the southwest, an American pilot was taking a last look at the sunlight and the brown, sear tundra before deliberately pointing his plane's nose into the valley of death.

The loudspeaker, connected with the powerful radio receiver in the radio hut, crackled into life.

"The others are circling to the east," came the crisp voice of Flight Lieutenant Dickinson. "I'm over my target now, going down. The Jappos are quiet. I can't see a stir in the Slot. I'm going down fast, hoping to get my bombs away before they open up."

In terrible silence, Pilot Red

Skye slammed a clenched fist onto his knee. He sat with the other pilots in the Quonset hut, listening, visualizing the scene over Kiska Island where the Japs clung doggedly to a bleak fragment of American territory. He could see every detail of the action as clearly as if he were there.

Back behind Kiska Harbor, in a ragged gash torn by some ancient volcanic action out of the slope of Kiska Volcano, the Japs had set up a key installation. Here they controlled every activity of their base. Here their chief ammunition dumps were hidden and here their powerful radio maintained contact with Tokyo and the Kurils. And here they couldn't be touched.

The only approach to the Slot was a narrow pass, and on that the Japs had focussed a terrible concentration of ack-ack fire from a dozen hidden pom-poms. No pilot could enter that Slot and live. Yet the Slot was the only position from which the Jap rat's nest could be bombed. Half a dozen pilots had died trying to get close enough to bomb—and now Lieutenant Dickinson was throwing away his life in another desperate attempt.

Dickinson's voice came through again, tense and vibrant: "I'm almost in. No fire yet. Give me thirty more seconds and I'll blow them to . . . BRRRRRRRAMMMM!!!"

The terrible, ear-shattering clamor of shells bursting drowned the voice of the pilot—and then the radio went

dead. Everyone knew what had happened. About to release his bombs, Dickinson had flown straight into the deadly curtain of fire. Another Yank flier had died; Tojo would celebrate again.

In the Headquarters shack, Major Gerard flipped a switch and spoke wearily into a hand mike. "Tell the others to come back to base. Tell them I forbid any other pilot to try to bomb the Slot. That is all."

RED SKYE walked out of the Quonset Ready-Hut with his lips a thin, tight line and a cold fury building up in his blue eyes. He had liked Dick, as he had liked the others who died. And it was Air Force tradition that pilots should not die unavenged. But there was the Slot, impregnable, deadly, defying the vengeance of America. If there were only some way to get in there before the Japs knew you were around, before they had time to unloose the terrible fury of their set guns.

But there was no way. High-level bombing had accomplished nothing. The Slot was too well protected by rocky overhang. To glide in, under cover of fog, was impossible because the wild air current of the mountain side made gliding sheer suicide.

Red Skye absently patted the sleek flank of a new Republic Thunderbolt that sat on the apron, awaiting its baptism of fire. A sweet plane, a plane he would love to fly against the Zeros and the Mitsies; but his mind was on the Slot. How to bomb it—how to avenge the deaths of seven American kids who had gone

open-eyed to their doom, that freedom might live again in Asia.

And then, suddenly, Red Skye was running wildly toward the Headquarters shack, a yell of pure exultation bursting from his lips to startle the sober-faced mechanics in the hangar. He had an idea—a crazy, suicidal idea—but one that might work.

He burst in on the grim-faced officers, barely remembering to salute. They stared at him blankly.

"Let me go," Red panted. "Let me go my way and I guarantee to blast the Slot clear off the face of the earth. I know how . . ."

"No," Major Gerard said wearily. "I know how you feel, Lieutenant Skye, but I can't allow any more good men to die . . ."

"But I won't die," Red Skye cried excitedly. "I know how to get in there, bomb them and get out again—alive. All I need is that Thunderbolt out there, fitted with a pair of wing-racks for light bombs. Listen . . ."

In feverish haste he unfolded his wild plan. For moments the officers stared as though he were mad. Then, one after another, they nodded unwillingly, impressed by his assurance. They knew Red Skye, knew how often his wily brain had cooked up tricks to accomplish the impossible. And at last they agreed.

It was two days before reconnaissance reported just the right light-fog conditions over Kiska. On the apron, Red Skye shook hands with solemn comrades and officers, climbed into the trembling, roaring P-47 and closed the

hatch. The stubby Thunderbolt lifted its tail, blasted across the runway and vanished into the fog, climbing westward toward victory—or destruction.

Red Skye's face was grim as he flew alone toward Kiska. He knew too well the thousand chances for his wild plan to miscarry. But his mind clung to the one chance of success. Under each wing, the Thunderbolt carried twin bombs, nestling in hastily-attached racks, borrowed from a Navy base nearby. Beside him in the pit was a large wheel with a protruding stub handle. This too had been added by the ground crew at base, and it was on this wheel that Red Skye pinned his whole hope of survival. But survival was not so important. To bomb the Slot was his job. If he came back alive, well—so much the better.

Red checked his charts. He was almost over Kiska. Soon he would see Kiska Volcano poking its gaunt head through the overcast. He hauled back the controls and put the Thunderbolt into a steep climb, levelling off only when his altimeter read thirty-five thousand feet. Now would come the supreme test.

Far below he saw the peak. It was hard to take sights from this altitude but he did. Bursting down through the light fog, he would be diving a dangerous route; a few yards off course and the Thunderbolt would smash onto hidden rocks.

CLOSER—CLOSER . . .

Red suddenly sucked in a tight breath, set himself hard against the seat back and

shoved the stick clear to the panel. Like its roaring, smashing namesake, the Thunderbolt tilted and went down in a terrible roaring scream of mighty power unleashed.

Down, down—blindly trusting to his navigation figures to hurl him into that narrow Slot invisible below. The throttle was wide open but Red pounded the brass, praying for every added hair of speed. He felt as though mighty hammers were beating him back into the cushions, pounding at his temples, compressing his lungs.

He burst out of the overcast into gray daylight and the Slot was directly below. He could see its deep, black chasm hiding the guns that had slaughtered so many. Were they trained on him now, waiting only the moment to unleash their murder? Or had his wild gamble succeeded? In a moment he would know . . .

The Thunderbolt slammed downward between the highest rocks of the Slot, into the very shadow of its winding gash. It was the moment. Red's fingers tightened on the makeshift bomb release. He felt dizzy, pain-wracked, but his mind was clear. His lips moved, counting softly.

Then his fingers tightened. The Thunderbolt quivered as the bombs let go. Then Red was working furiously, hauling against the frozen stick with every ounce of strength in his being, while one hand grasped the big wheel and spun it madly around and around.

There were aching moments of agony. Then the Thunderbolt began to shudder, to nose

slightly upward in its suicidal plunge toward the rocks and suddenly the stick began to creep backward under Red's straining tug. The ship was coming out of its dive, climbing, roaring up out of the Slot—and behind him the whole side of Kiska Volcano seemed to be erupting smoke and flame and shattered rock.

The last thing he saw before flashing back into the overcast was the split-second view of the sidewalls of the Slot tumbling inward as the bomb-blasts, coupled with the bursting of hidden magazines, blasted away their supports.

Back at the field, Major Gerard forced his way through the yelling throng of men and grasped Red Skye's trembling hand.

"You did it!" he roared exultantly. "You smashed the Slot and came back alive!"

"It was nothing," Red panted, still weak from his exertions. "As soon as I remembered that the Thunderbolt had been power-dived at *almost the speed of sound*, I knew I could do it. I came down so fast they couldn't hear me until I was there. They never had time to man their guns before the bombs hit. But I'd have been a dead duck if it hadn't been for the oversize wheel I had put in to operate the trim-tabs. My stick was frozen, locked by the terrific speed. But by spinning the trim tabs, I broke the air flow in time to pull out." He grinned at the cheering crowd. "And now I could sure go for a thick steak, fellows."

Watch Red Skye scour the skies in another scorching next month!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND THE
PLANE THAT FLIES
BACKWARDS!



TOO OFTEN TO COUNT, AMERICA'S TOP-NOTCH INVENTOR, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, HAS GIVEN THE ALLIES GREAT NEW WAR INVENTIONS. HOWEVER NONE IS SO AMAZING AS WHAT HIS GENIUS NOW PRODUCES--- **THE BACKWARD-FLYING PLANE!** BUT BEFORE THIS STRANGE CRAFT PASSES ITS TEST OF FIRE IN A BLAZING BATTLE OVER NORTH AFRICA, VALIANT **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** IS CALLED UPON TO ENACT ANOTHER FIGHTING SAGA OF HIS STAR-STUDDED CAREER **INVADING THE AXIS STRONGHOLD OF ROME!**

AT A NORTH AFRICAN AIR FIELD, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND ICHABOD MUDD RE-ASSEMBLE AN EXPERIMENTAL PLANE SHIPPED FROM THEIR FAMOUS NEVADA SHOP!

HURRY IT UP, 'ICKY.' WE WANT TO GIVE IT A TRIAL FLIGHT TODAY!

IT FLEW FOR US IN NEVADA, CAP! WHY SHOULDN'T IT FLY HERE IN NORTH AFRICA? THE AIR'S THE SAME!

THE STRANGE CRAFT PUZZLES WATCHING AMERICAN PILOTS!

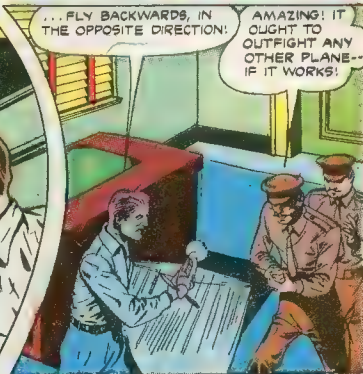
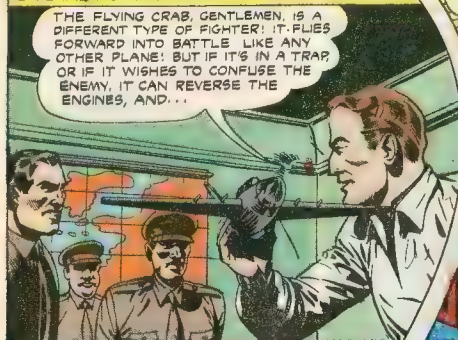
HOLY HANNAH! WHICH WAY IS IT SUPPOSED TO FLY--- FORWARDS OR BACKWARDS?

EITHER WAY! IT'S A FLYING WING, DESIGNED TO FLY BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS! WE CALL IT THE **FLYING CRAB!**





AT HEADQUARTERS, AMERICA'S ACE INVENTOR EXPLAINS HIS NEW PLANE:



THE FLYING CRAB ZOOMS SMOOTHLY INTO THE AIR!

I'LL HEAD NORTH A SHORT WAY--- THEN REVERSE THE ENGINES AND RETURN **BACKWARDS!**

AND WHEN ICKY REVERSES, THE PLANE IS STILL FLYING **NORTH!**

BOY, SOME FUN! A TWIST OF THE WRIST AND YA GO BACK THE WAY YA CAME! WAIT'LL THE NAZIS RUN INTO **THIS** BABY IN A DOGFIGHT!

RRRRRRRRR!

SPUT!

BUT UNKNOWN TO ICKY, A STRONG SIDE WIND TWISTS HIM COMPLETELY AROUND!

OKAY! I'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH! NOW TO SWITCH ENGINES AND GO BACK LIKE A CRAB, WITHOUT MAKING A TURN!

WHA---? I DIDN'T SEE THIS LAKE BEFORE! OH WELL, GUESS I WAS JUST TOO BUSY TO NOTICE!

LITTLE DOES ICKY KNOW THE "LAKE" IS REALLY THE WIDE MEDITERRANEAN, AND THAT HE IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ITALY!

MUCH LATER.

HOLY CATS! WHAT KIND OF A LAKE IS THIS? WHY DOESN'T IT END? WHAT'S WRONG?

THE STUNNING ANSWER LIES BELOW HIM, SUDDENLY!

YEOW! THAT'S ITALY! OF ALL THE DUMB TRICKS--- I'VE PULLED A "WRONG-WAY CORRIGAN" AND REACHED **ENEMY TERRITORY!**

ICKY. PRACTICALLY RADIOS AN SOS...

AND NOW I'M IN TROUBLE! GAS TANK NEARLY EMPTY! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING IN ITALY! GOSH, I'D BETTER RADIO CAP...

CALLING CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT...
CALLING CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

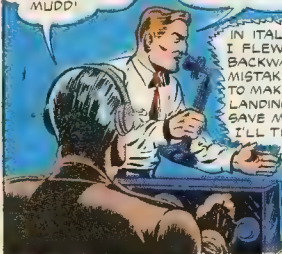


...WHICH CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT RECEIVES BACK IN NORTH AFRICA!

CALL FOR YOU, SIR, FROM ICHABOD MUDD!

ICKY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WHERE ARE YOU---

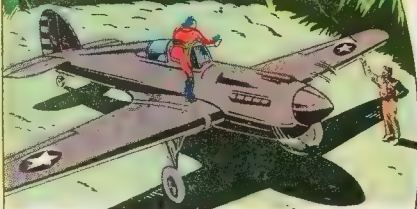
IN ITALY, CAP! I FLEW HERE BACKWARDS BY MISTAKE! I HAVE TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING! COME AND SAVE ME, WILLYA? I'LL TRY TO LAND NEAR THE OLD RUINS OF ROME!



ALARMED, PLACID, INVENTOR ALBRIGHT MAKES A SWIFT CHANGE TO DYNAMIC CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S GREAT CHAMPION!

LET ME HAVE THIS P-40, SON! I'LL EXPLAIN TO YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER LATER!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



AND THE P-40 ROARS STRAIGHT NORTH INTO THE TEETH OF THE ENEMY!

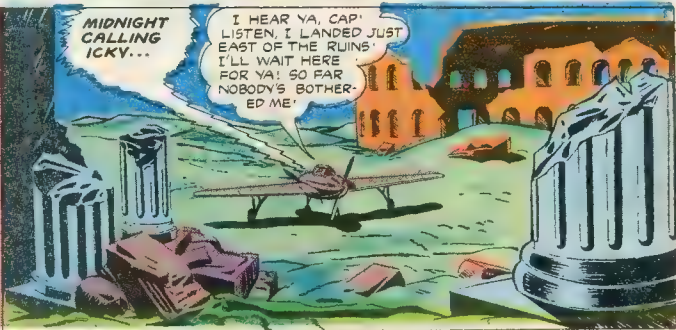
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT ICKY IS IN DANGER! BUT IT'S **WORSE** THAT THE FLYING CRAB MIGHT FALL IN ENEMY HANDS! I'VE GOT TO GET THEM **BOTH** OUT! I'LL TRY TO PICK UP ICKY BY RADIO AGAIN...



MEANWHILE WITH GAS LOW, ICKY HAS MADE A FORCED LANDING NEAR THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME!

MIDNIGHT CALLING ICKY...

I HEAR YA, CAP! LISTEN, I LANDED JUST EAST OF THE RUINS! I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YA! SO FAR NOBODY'S BOTHERED ME!



BUT SUDDENLY, A NAZI-ITALIAN PATROL
STUMBLES ACROSS THE PARKED PLANE!

LOOK, BARON
WITZENBLANK!
AN ALLIED PLANE
HIDING HERE!

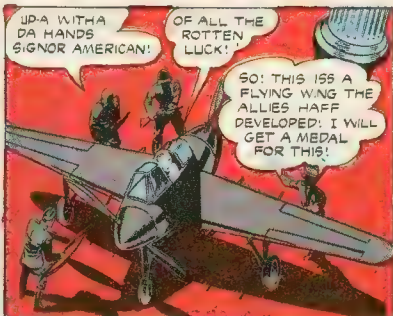
CAPTURE
IT!



UP-A WITHA
DA HANDS
SIGNOR AMERICAN!

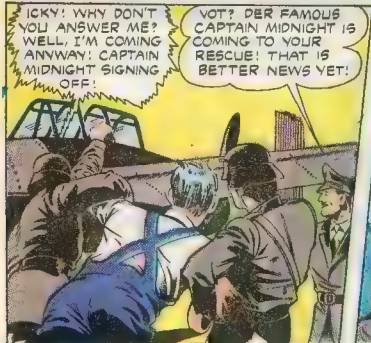
OF ALL THE
ROTTEN
LUCK!

SO! THIS ISS A
FLYING WING THE
ALLIES HAF
DEVELOPED! I WILL
GET A MEDAL
FOR THIS!



ICKY! WHY DON'T
YOU ANSWER ME?
WELL, I'M COMING
ANYWAY! CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT SIGNING
OFF!

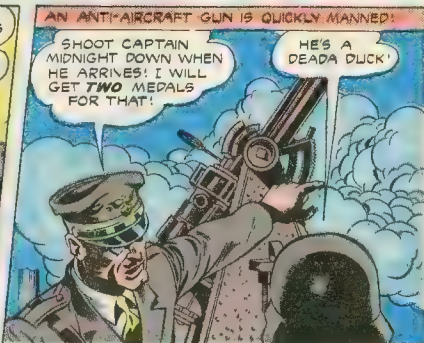
VOT? DER FAMOUS
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS
COMING TO YOUR
RESCUE! THAT IS
BETTER NEWS YET!



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS QUICKLY MANNED!

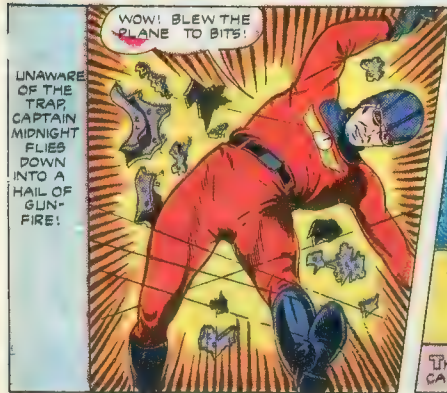
SHOOT CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT DOWN WHEN
HE ARRIVES! I WILL
GET **TWO** MEDALS
FOR THAT!

HE'S A
DEADA DUCK!



WOW! BLEW THE
PLANE TO BITS!

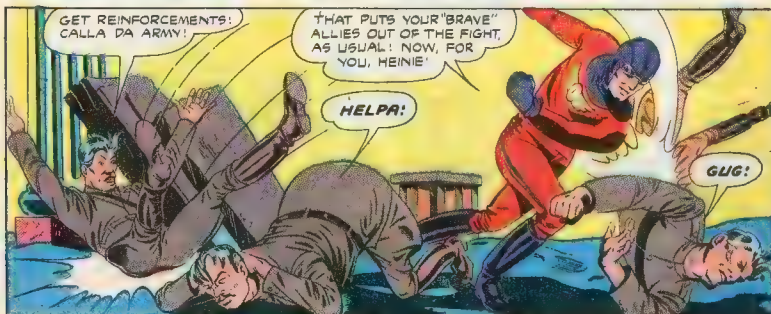
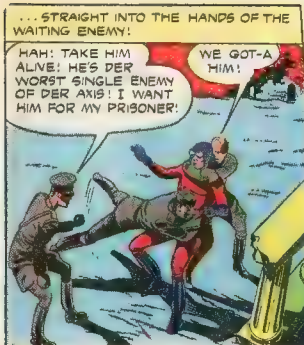
UNAWARE OF THE
TRAP,
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
FLIES
DOWN INTO A
HAIL OF GUN-
FIRE!

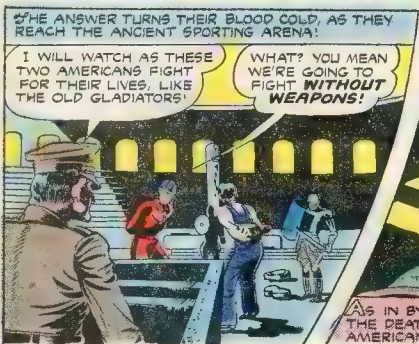
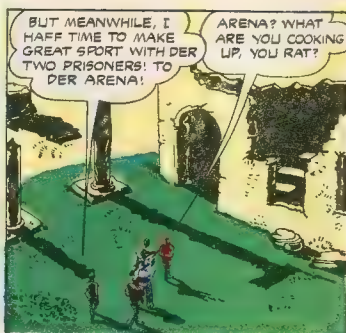
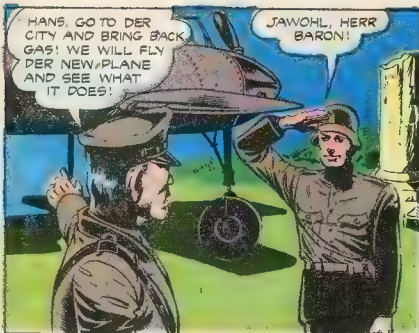


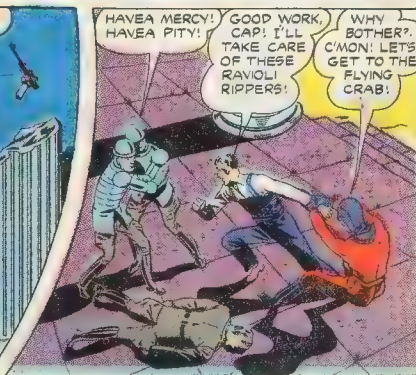
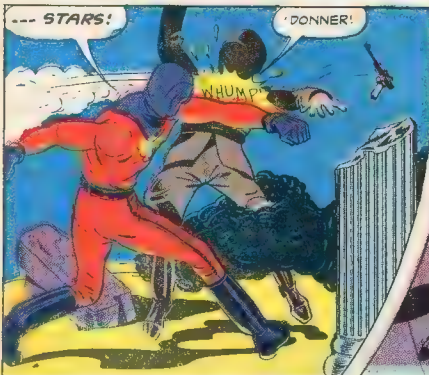
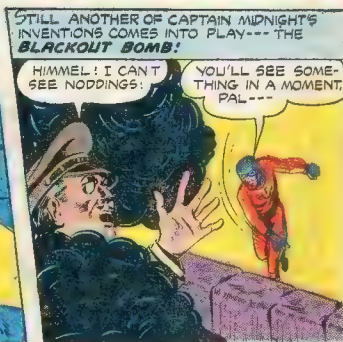
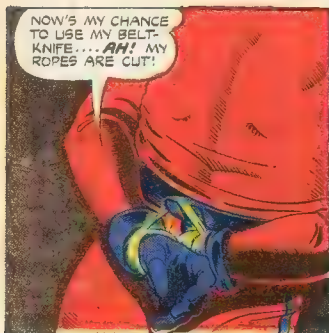
LUCKY I'M STILL
IN ONE PIECE!

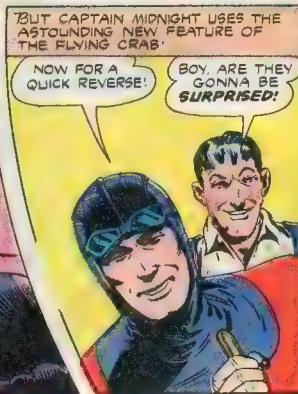
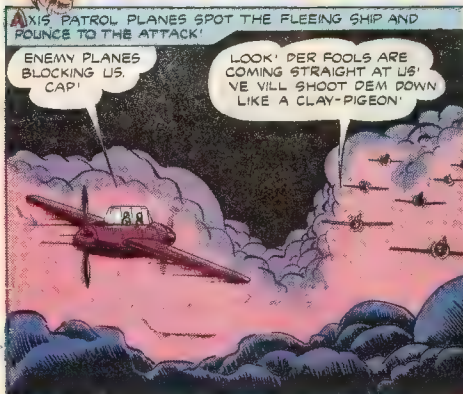
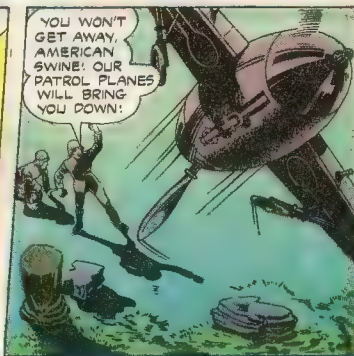
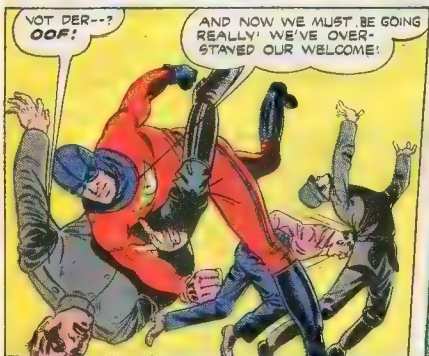
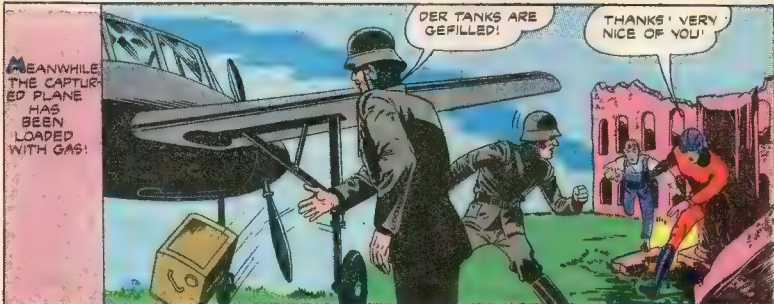


THE EVER RELIABLE GLIDERCHUTE BRINGS
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SAFELY DOWN...









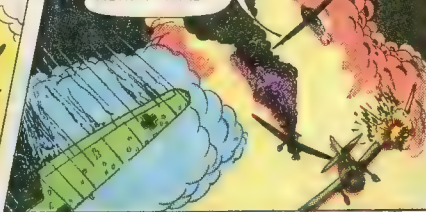
AND THE FLYING CRAB SUDDENLY ZOOMS BACKWARDS, OUT OF RANGE.

HIMMEL! DER PLANE ISS GOING DER ODDER WAY ALL OF A SUDDEN!



...AND THEN QUICKLY ZOOMING FORWARD AGAIN, THE FLYING CRAB STRIKES WITH ITS OWN GUNS!

GOOD SHOOTING, CAP! AND THAT GIVES US A CLEAR FIELD BACK TO NORTH AFRICA!



NOW BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS! THAT WAS A NICE SIGHT-SEEING TOUR WE HAD IN ITALY, WASN'T IT, ICK?

THANKS, CAP. YOU SHOULD BE SORE AT ME! BUT WE'LL BE BACK TO ITALY SOME DAY---US AND A BIG IN-VASION FORCE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT ARRIVES AT HEADQUARTERS IN HIS OTHER IDENTITY OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

ONE OF OUR OBSERVATION PLANES SAW THAT DOGFIGHT! YOU'VE GIVEN THE ALLIES A WONDERFUL NEW FIGHTER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! THE FLYING CRAB WILL MAKE HISTORY!

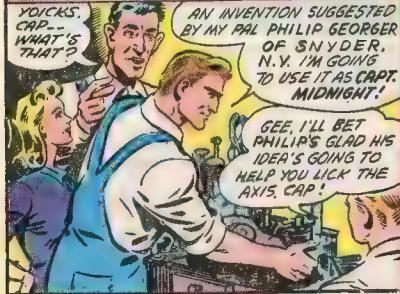


THE MASTER SCIENTIFIC BRAIN OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT GOES TO WORK...

YOICKS, CAP!-- WHAT'S THAT?

AN INVENTION SUGGESTED BY MY PAL PHILIP GEORGER OF SNYDER, N.Y. I'M GOING TO USE IT AS CAPT. MIDNIGHT!

GEE, I'LL BET PHILIP'S GLAD HIS IDEA'S GOING TO HELP YOU LICK THE AXIS, CAP!



DO YOU WANT TO HELP

CAPT. MIDNIGHT?

Send him an idea for an invention! If he uses it in one of his adventures, your name will be mentioned in the story!

WRITE YOUR IDEA

— for any invention that Capt. Midnight can use on the ground or in the air—in a letter or on a postcard and send it with your name to:

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT—

49 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

THEN WATCH FOR YOUR NAME TO APPEAR!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



MEETS THE
SINISTER ANGELS!

DEEP-ROOTED IN EERIE NATIVE SUPERSTITION, THE SHOCKING STORY OF MOUNTAIN ANGELS, WHO BECAME AVENGING KILLERS WHEN THEIR TERRITORY IS VIOLATED, SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO ACTUALITY! A PEACEFUL PLANTATION IN THE JUNGLE NEAR THE BRAZIL-PERU BORDER IS CAUGHT IN A FEARFUL WEB OF DEADLY INTRIGUE AND BRIGHTFUL MENACE THAT CUTS OFF ITS VITAL OUTPUT OF STRATEGIC WAR MATERIAL--UNTIL DREADNAUGHT, DARING **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** PITS HIS MIGHTY SKILL AGAINST THE GHOSTLY TERROR OF THE

SINISTER ANGELS!

A U.S. ARMY PLANTATION IN SOUTH AMERICA--GROWING JUNGLE PLANTS THAT PRODUCE CHEMICALS FOR EXPLOSIVE MANUFACTURE! TWO NATIVES STAND GUARD!



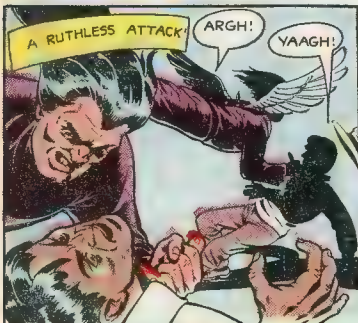
SUDDENLY--AN APPARITION OVERHEAD!



CARRAMBA!
THE ANGELS!



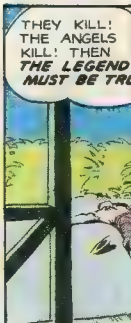
THE- THE
LEGEND IS TRUE!
THEY COME FROM
LAS SIERRAS DE-
ANGELES! (MOUN-
TAINS OF THE
ANGELS)



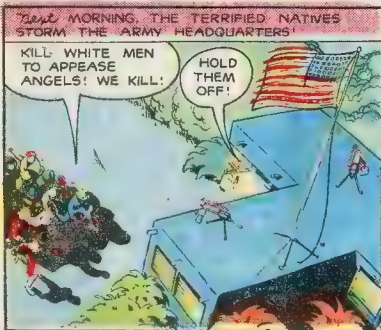
A RUTHLESS ATTACK!

ARGH!

YAAGH!



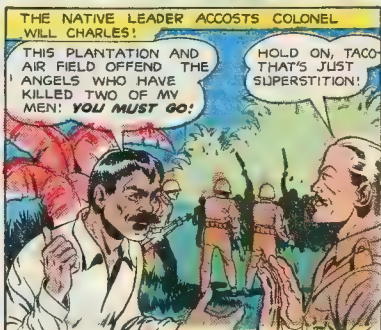
THEY KILL!
THE ANGELS
KILL! THEN
THE LEGEND
MUST BE TRUE!



NEXT MORNING, THE TERRIFIED NATIVES STORM THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS!

KILL WHITE MEN
TO APPEASE
ANGELS! WE KILL!

HOLD
THEM
OFF!



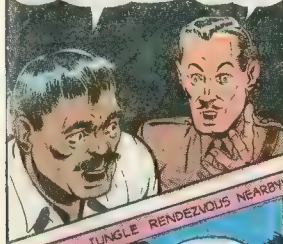
THE NATIVE LEADER ACCOSTS COLONEL WILL CHARLES!

THIS PLANTATION AND
AIR FIELD OFFEND THE
ANGELS WHO HAVE
KILLED TWO OF MY
MEN! YOU MUST GO!

HOLD ON, TACO-
THAT'S JUST
SUPERSTITION!

THE MOUNTAINS YOUR PLANES FLY OVER ARE **LAS SIERRAS DE ANGELES!** BUT THE ONLY POSSIBLE ROUTE IS OVER THOSE MOUNTAINS!

LEGEND SAYS DEATH COMES TO ANY WHO CROSS THOSE MOUNTAINS: I **SAW** THE ANGELS LAST NIGHT!



A HIDDEN JUNGLE RENDEZVOUS NEARBY

YOU ARE GOOT SPY, PASQUALE! MY ANCHELS VILL FIX DER GENERAL!

... AND THE COLONEL SENT FOR HIS GENERAL TO HELP HIM!

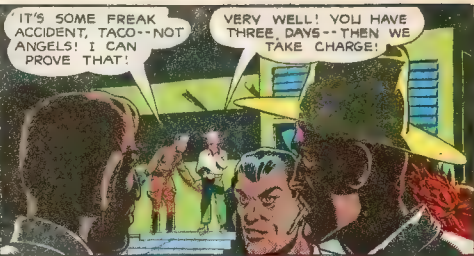


FRAMED INVENTOR AND CRIME-BUSTER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! BUT SUDDENLY, FROM A CLOUD OVERHEAD--TWO **SINISTER ANGELS!**



IT'S SOME FREAK ACCIDENT, TACO--NOT ANGELS! I CAN PROVE THAT!

VERY WELL! YOU HAVE THREE DAYS--THEN WE TAKE CHARGE!



Next Day, AN ARMY BOMBER WINGS INLAND OVER LOS SIERRAS ANGELES' ABOARD--

I'M GRATEFUL TO HAVE YOU ALONG, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! DO YOU ALWAYS WORK ALONE?

NO-- MY ASSISTANT IS FOLLOWING WITH MY EQUIPMENT IN MY PRIVATE PLANE!



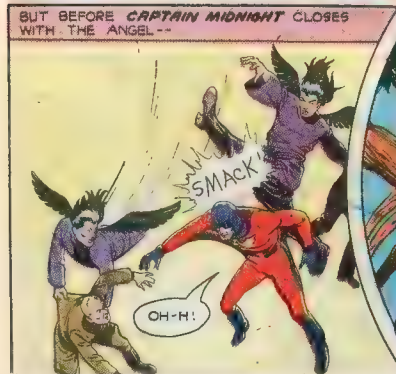
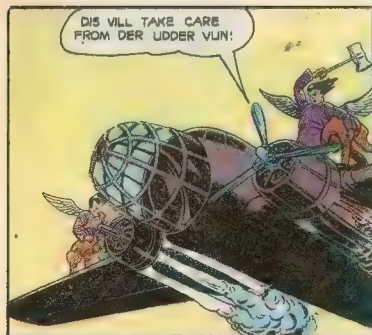
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?



DER VUNS IN UNIFORMS MUST BE DER VUNS MARZ VANTS! I TAKE DIS VUN!

GOOD HEAVENS! ANGELS!





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT RECOVERS QUICKLY! HE CLIMBS DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE!

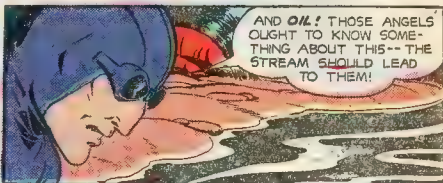
THAT WAS A NASTY SOCK! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO FAR FROM THOSE BIRDS' CAMP!



A STREAM! THAT'S A RELIEF AFTER ALL THIS DENSE JUNGLE!



AND OIL! THOSE ANGELS OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS-- THE STREAM SHOULD LEAD TO THEM!



Meanwhile!

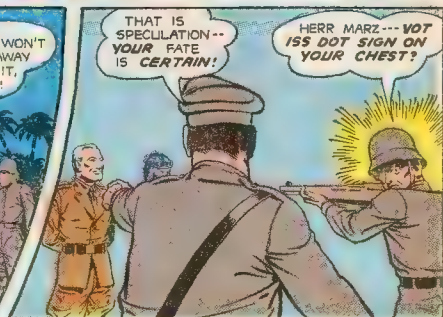
YES, GENERAL-- I HAD THESE SOLO SILENT FLYING MACHINES READY TO SMASH YOUR PLANTATION! I JUST ADDED WINGS AND ROBES AND THEY FITTED IN WITH NATIVE SUPERSTITION!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, MARZ!



THAT IS SPECULATION-- YOUR FATE IS **CERTAIN!**

HERR MARZ--- VOT ISS DOT SIGN ON YOUR CHEST?



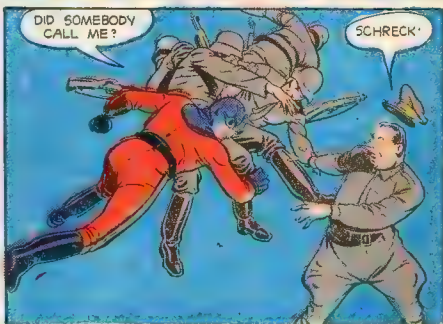
THE DREAD DOOM-BEAM OF--

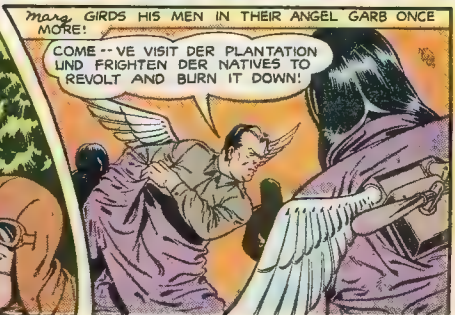
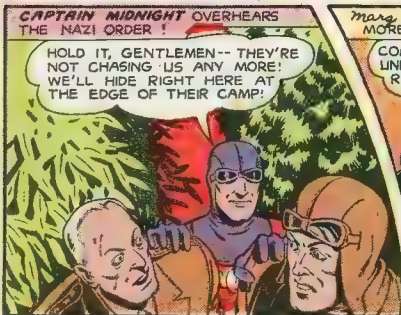
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



DID SOMEBODY CALL ME?

SCHRECK!





THE HOST OF NAZI "ANGELS" SOARS UPWARD, BENT UPON A FIENDISH PLAN OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



A MOMENT LATER, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT LEAVES HIS HIDING-PLACE!

WAIT HERE, PLEASE- I'VE AN IDEA!



HERE'S WHERE THEY KEEP THE FUEL FOR THEIR MOTORS-- AH! THERE'S A SPARE SET OF WINGS!



HE ATTACKS THE TWO SENTRY!

YOU TWO FELLOWS HAVE THE SAME JOB, SO--



HELP!

-- WHY DON'T YOU GET TOGETHER?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER--

THEY WORK, ALL RIGHT! BUT LEAVE IT TO THE RATZIS TO FIND A DIABOLICAL USE FOR AN INVENTION LIKE THIS!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT GAINS ALTITUDE:

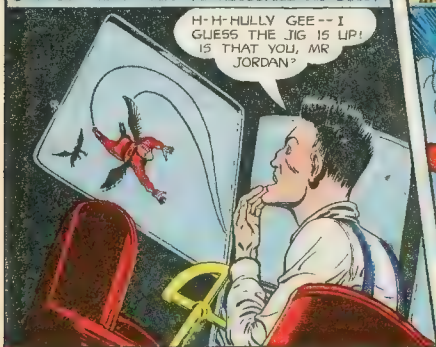


HO -- DER YANKEE
FELLOW TRIES TO
FOLLOW US, EH?
I'LL FIX HIM!



ICHABOD MUDD FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HIS BOSS!

H-H-HULLY GEE-- I
GUESS THE JIG IS UP!
IS THAT YOU, MR
JORDAN?



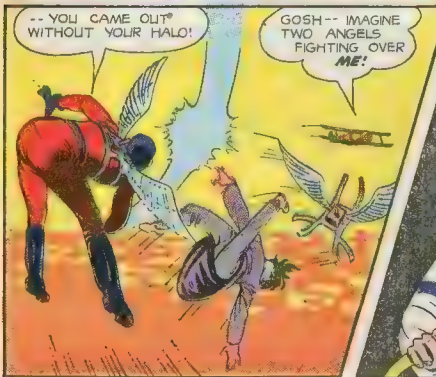
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WHIRLS--JUST IN TIME!

OH, I SAY,
OLD BOY--



-- YOU CAME OUT*
WITHOUT YOUR HALO!

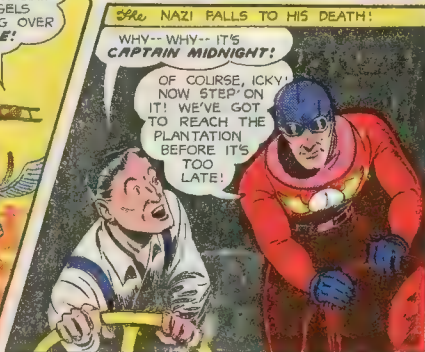
GOSH-- IMAGINE
TWO ANGELS
FIGHTING OVER
ME!

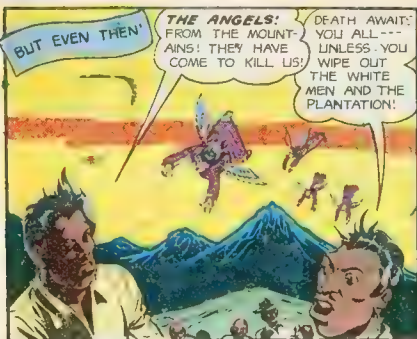


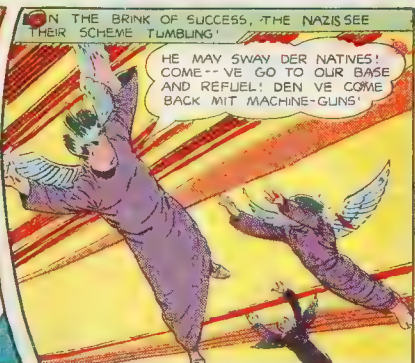
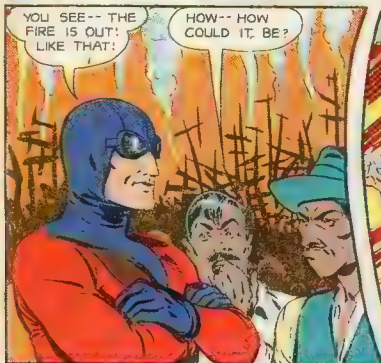
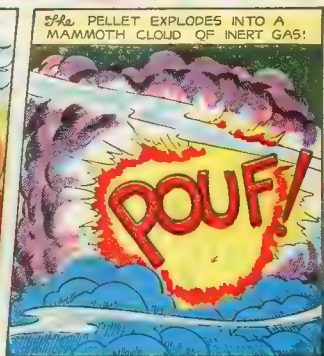
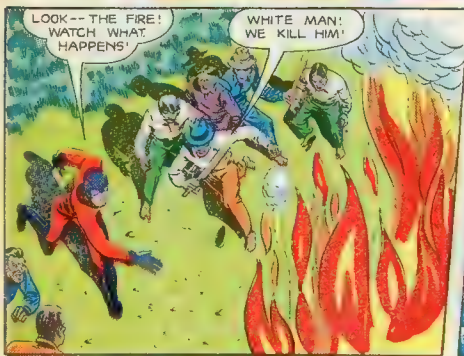
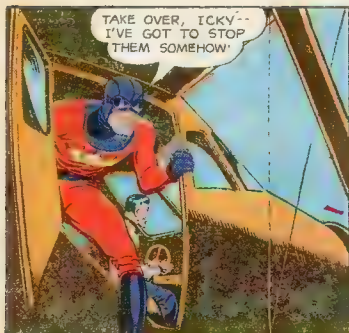
THE NAZI FALLS TO HIS DEATH!

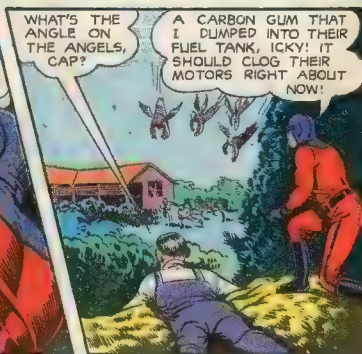
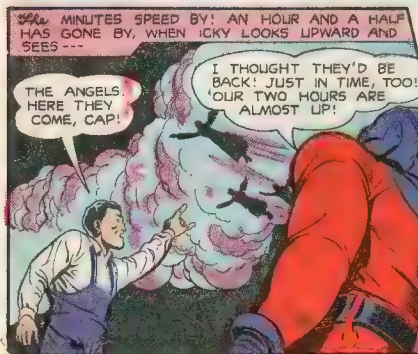
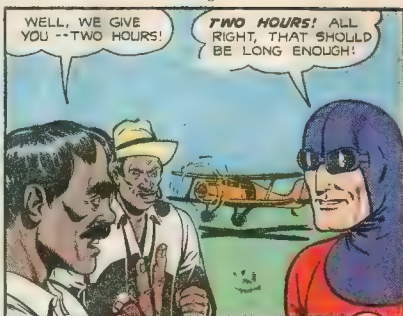
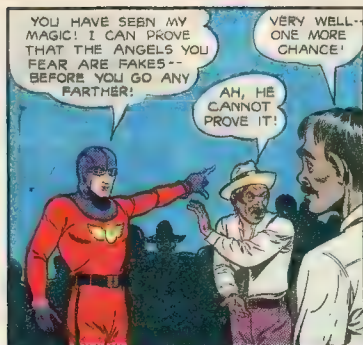
WHY-- WHY-- IT'S
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

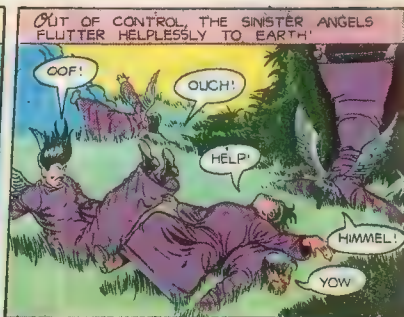
OF COURSE, ICKY!
NOW STEP ON
IT! WE'VE GOT
TO REACH THE
PLANTATION
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!













JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR

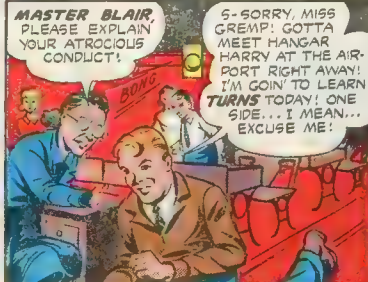
ONCE AGAIN JOHNNY BLAIR BRINGS TO THE MILLIONS OF AVIATION-MINDED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN THROUGHOUT AMERICA ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE IN THE STORY OF HOW HE LEARNS TO **FLY** AND PREPARES TO TAKE HIS PLACE AMONG THE GREAT HEROES OF THE AIR WHO ARE MAKING HISTORY OVER THE ENEMY BATTLEFIELDS OF WORLD WAR II! **YOU, TOO, CAN LEARN TO FLY JUST AS JOHNNY IS LEARNING! DON'T MISS A SINGLE ONE OF THESE STORIES! ALL FLYING INFORMATION IN THEM IS ACTUAL FACT CHECKED BY A LICENSED AVIATION INSTRUCTOR!**



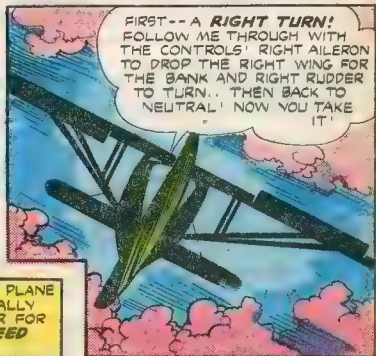
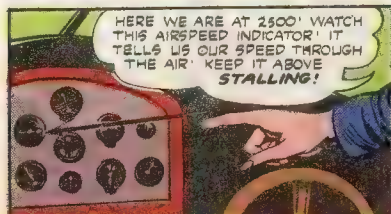
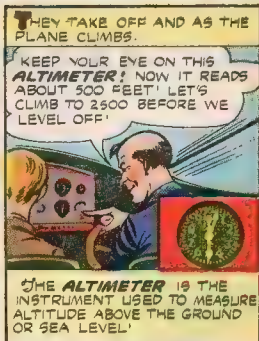
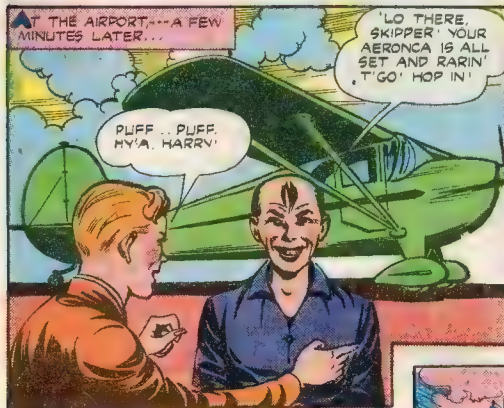
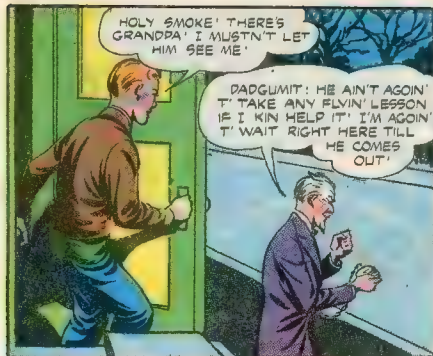
IN THE AFTERNOON AFTER JOHNNY BLAIR'S FIRST REAL FLYING LESSON...



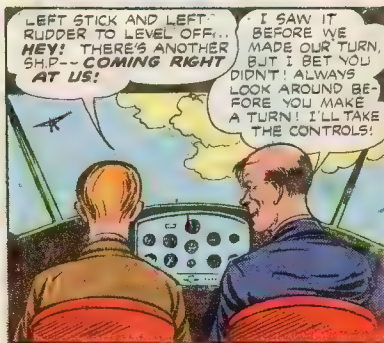
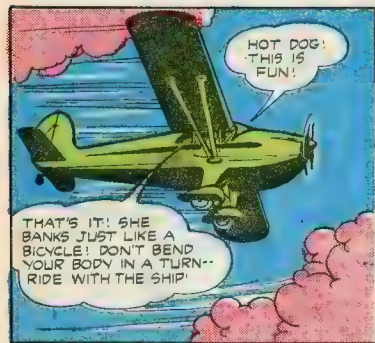
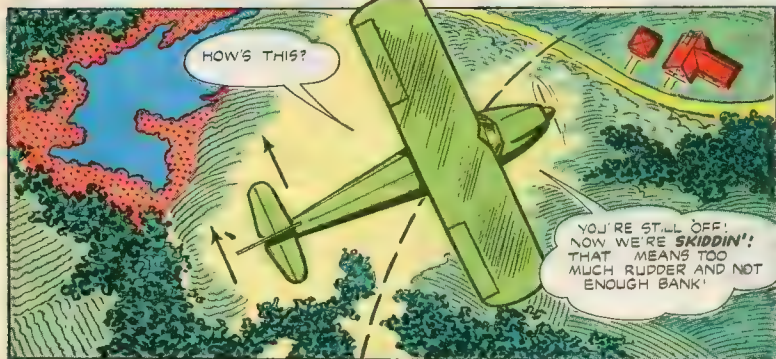
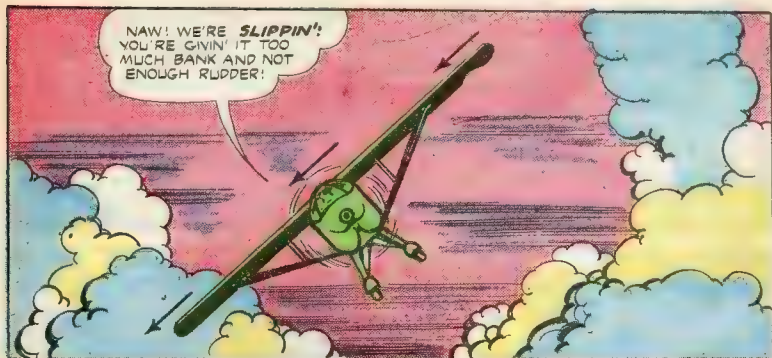
MASTER BLAIR,
PLEASE EXPLAIN
YOUR ATROCIOUS
CONDUCT!

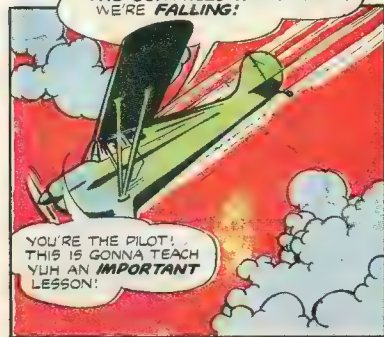
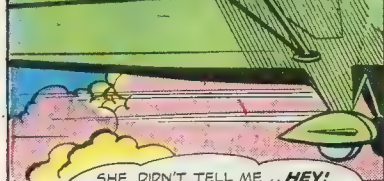
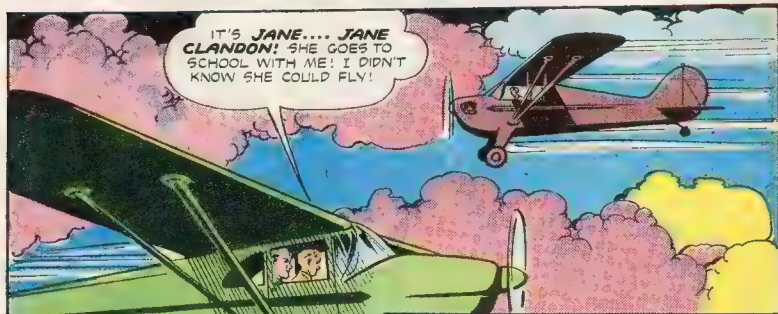
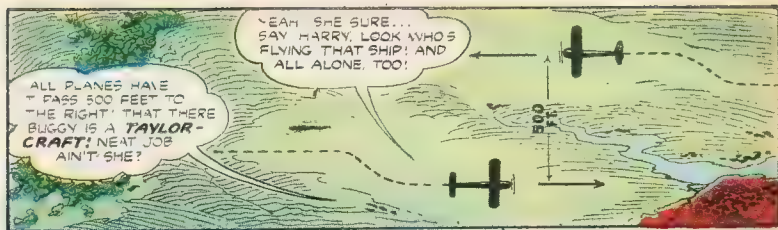


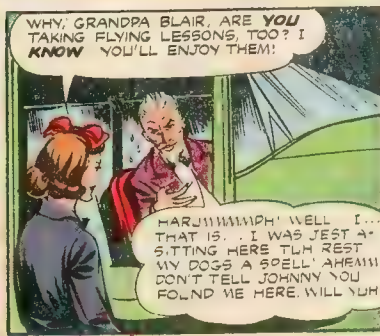
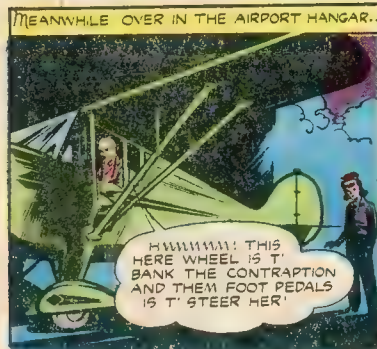
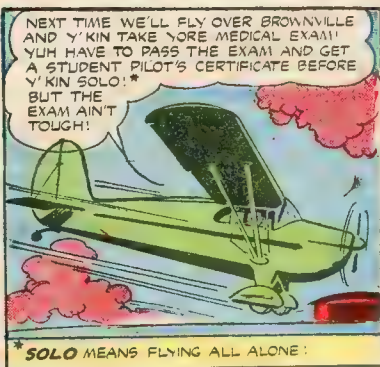
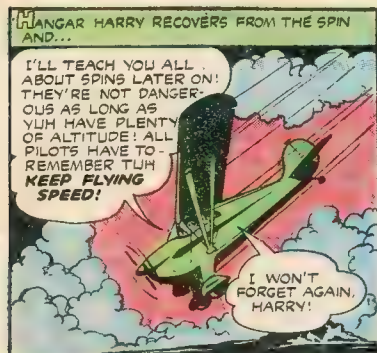
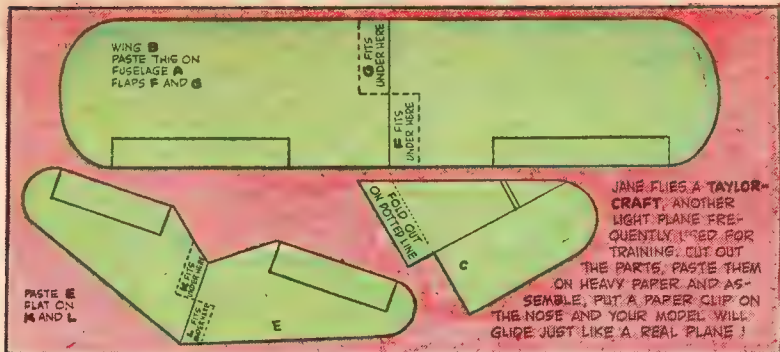
THE DISMISSAL BELL SOUNDS AND JOHNNY STARTS TO RUN---

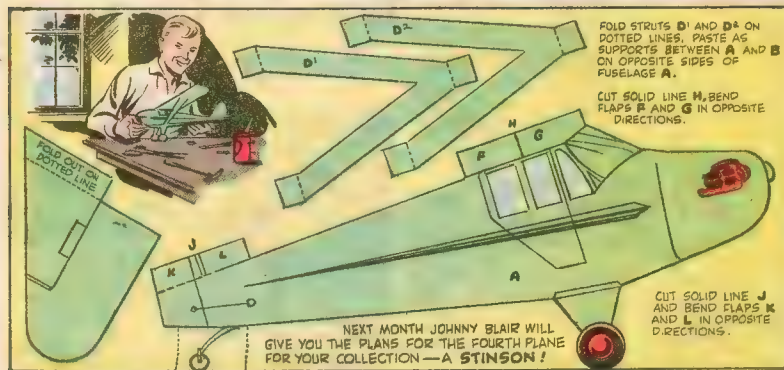
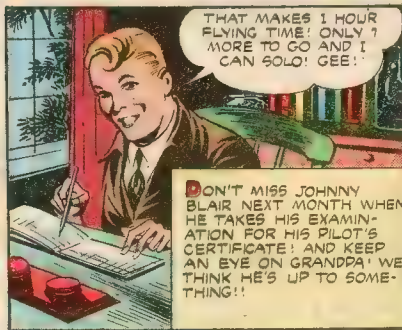
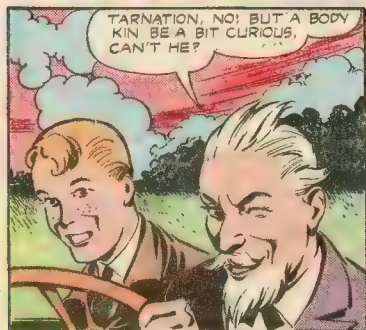
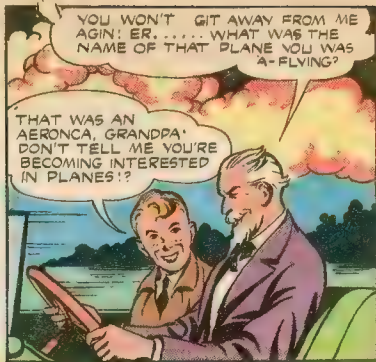
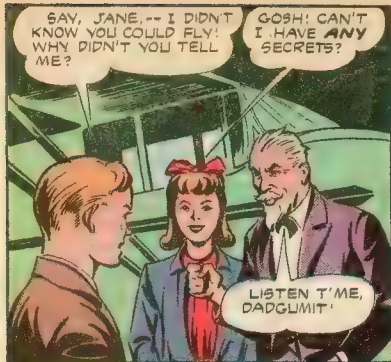


STALLING SPEED IS THE SPEED AT WHICH A PLANE WILL LOSE ALL ITS LIFT AND WILL DROP, USUALLY IN A TAILSPIN! IT'S ABOUT 35 MILES PER HOUR FOR MOST LIGHT PLANES! **KEEP YOUR FLYING SPEED WELL ABOVE IT!**





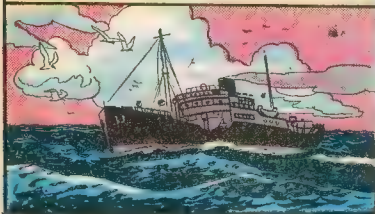




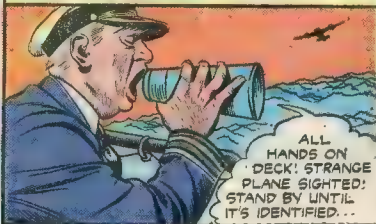


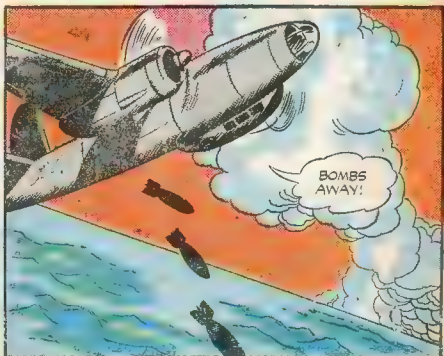
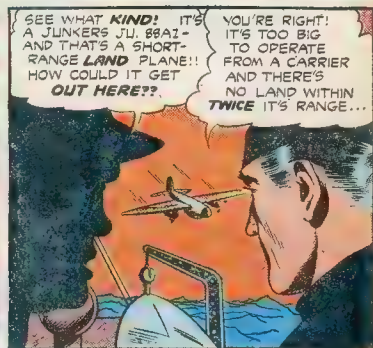
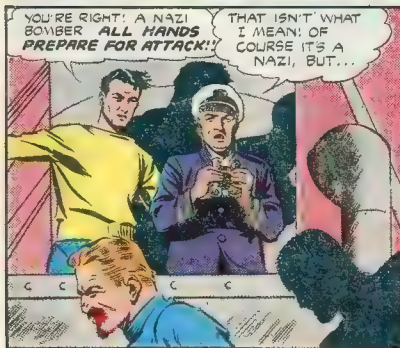
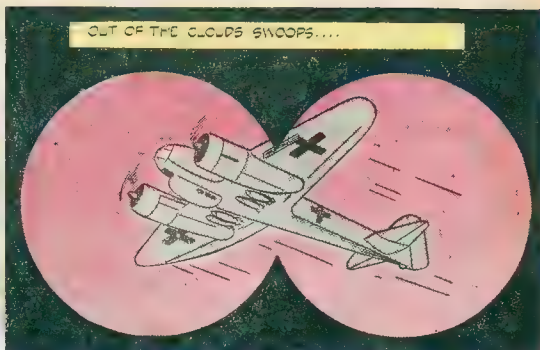
ONLY ONE MAN SURVIVED THE COWARDLY SINKING OF THE MERCHANT FREIGHTER, **AGNES**, AND THE NAVY THOUGHT THAT MAN WAS **INSANE!** FOR HOW COULD NAZI **LAND-BASED** BOMBERS ATTACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WHERE THERE WAS **NO LAND?** ONLY **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** BELIEVED-- BUT BEFORE HE COULD ACT, COLD-BLOODED MURDER STRUCK AND AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST WARRIOR FOUND HIMSELF RACING DEATH FROM **BOMBS OUT OF THE SEA!**

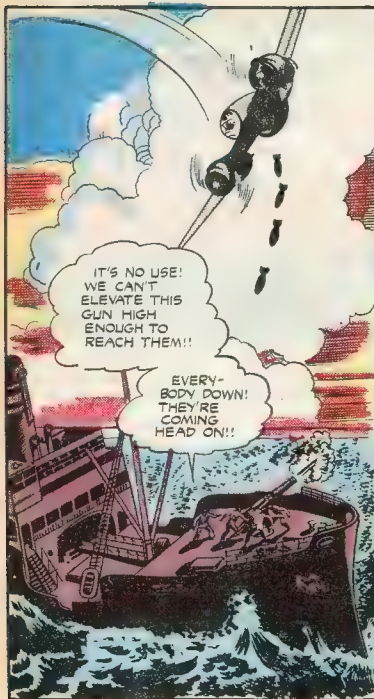
HOMEWARD BOUND, THE FREIGHTER **AGNES** PLODS THROUGH THE MID-ATLANTIC WATCHING FOR SUBS...



THE ALARM COMES... NOT FROM THE SEA BUT FROM THE SKY!!



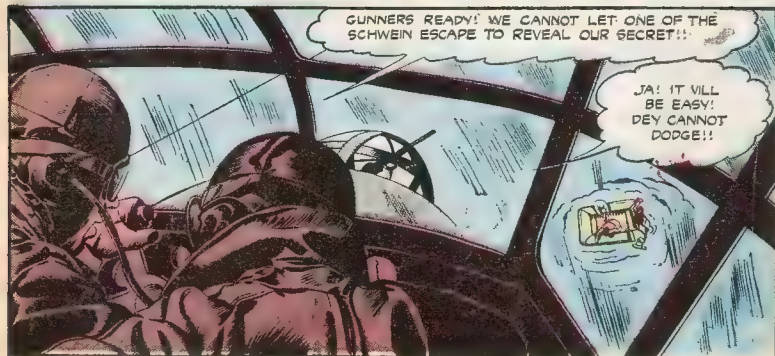


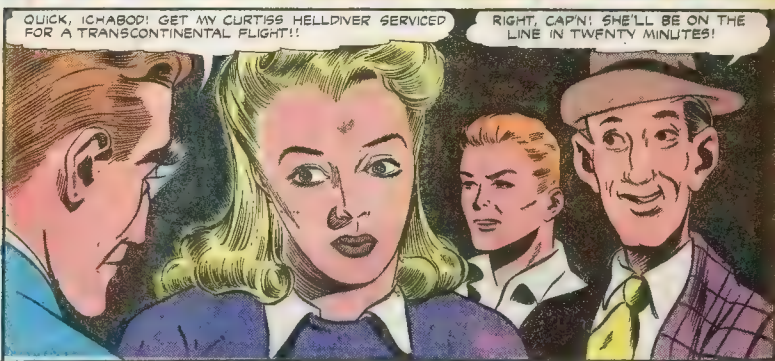
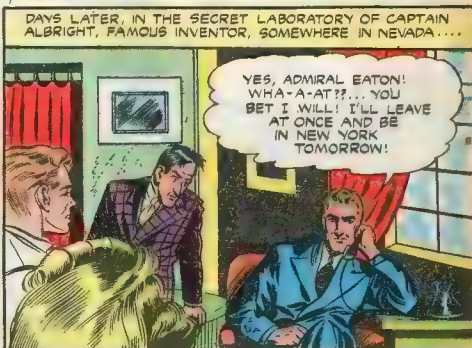
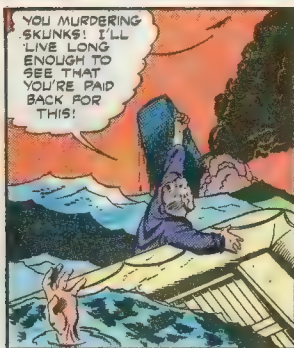
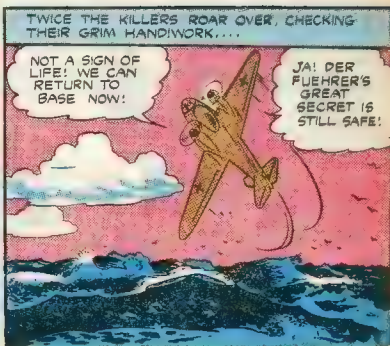
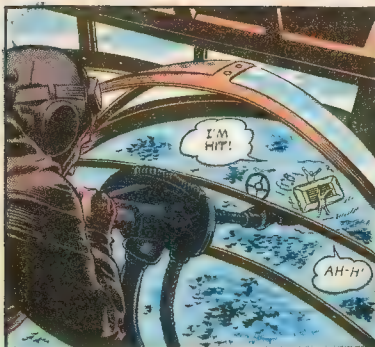


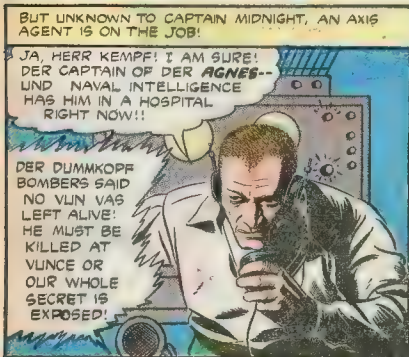
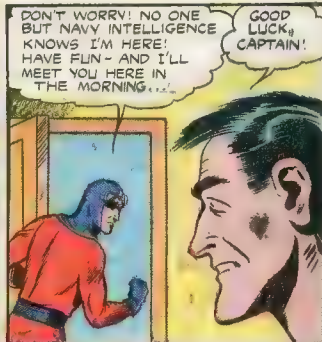
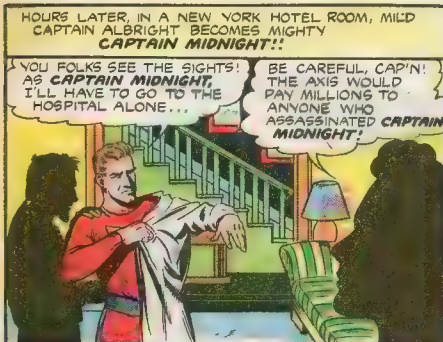
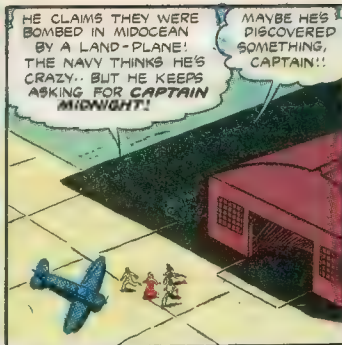
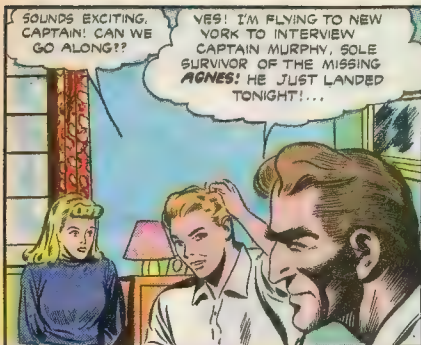
DIRECT HITS TURN THE DECK TO A SHAMBLES!

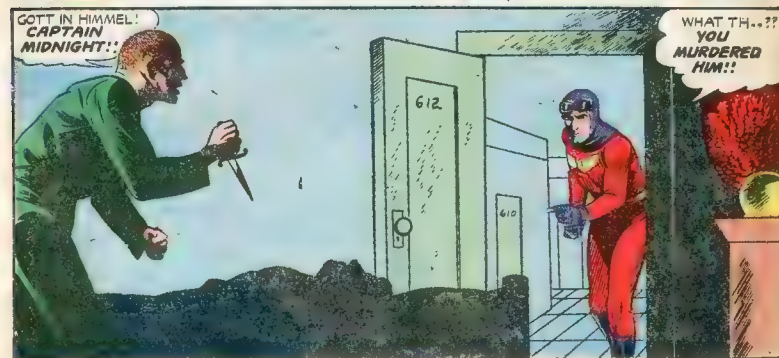
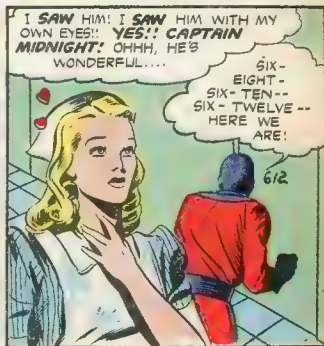
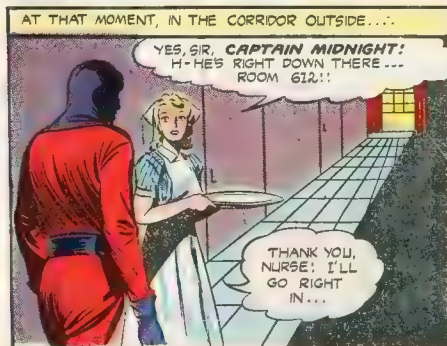
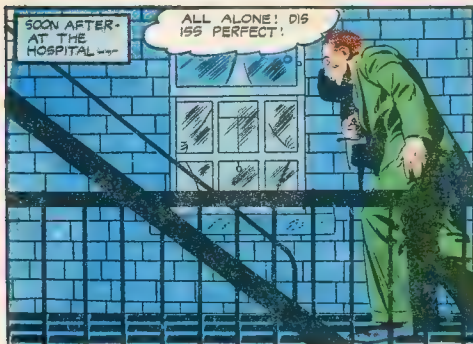
GUT!! NOT A
BOMB MISSED, HANS!

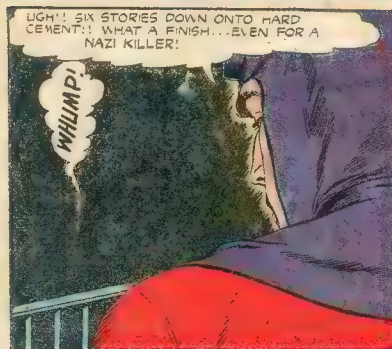
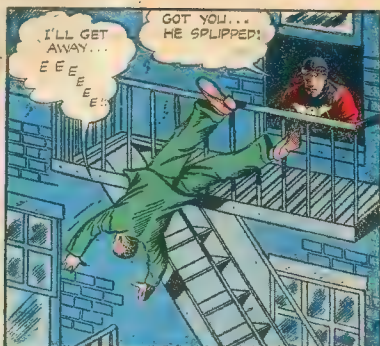
THE
MURDERING
RATS! FOUR
OF US
LEFT ALIVE
OUT OF
FIFTY!











A SHORT TIME LATER:

ICKY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! IS THE HELLDIVER LOADED WITH FUEL AND AMMUNITION? WE'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA...

YOU BET, CAP'N! DID YOU SAY *WE??* WHOOPPEEE!!!!

... SO SOMETHINGS WRONG! A JU-88 COULDN'T POSSIBLY CARRY TWO TONS OF BOMBS AND GAS ENOUGH TO GET THERE FROM **LAND!**

HECK, NO! THOSE BABIES HAVE A RANGE OF LESS THAN A THOUSAND MILES - FIVE HUNDRED OUT AND FIVE HUNDRED BACK! BUT WHAT...??

OUR JOB IS TO FIND OUT! DID YOU INSTALL MY NEW SUBMARINE DETECTOR, ICKY?

SURE THING, CAP'N! HERE'S THE TRANSMITTER THAT SENDS THE WAVE AND HERE ARE THE PHONES THAT PICK UP THE REBOUND!!!

HOW, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SUB- DETECTOR WORKS! RADIO WAVES BEAMED DOWN FROM **A** STRIKE THE SUBMARINE'S HULL AND ARE REFLECTED BACK TO THE RECEIVER AT **B**:

ALL SET TO... HEY! YOU DON'T THINK THAT JUNKERS WAS LAUNCHED FROM A SUB-MARINE, DO YOU??

NOT EXACTLY - BUT YOU MAY BE NEARER RIGHT - THAN YOU THINK! KEEP IT TURNED ON!

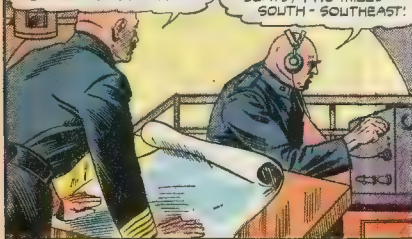
WE'LL BE OVER THE **AGNESS** GRAVE IN ANOTHER HALF HOUR! MAYBE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN!!

IF I GET THAT JUNKERS IN MY GUN SIGHT, SUMP'N SURE WILL HAPPEN TO THE JUNKERS!

AT THAT MOMENT, **LESS THAN A MILE**
FROM **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S PLANE...**

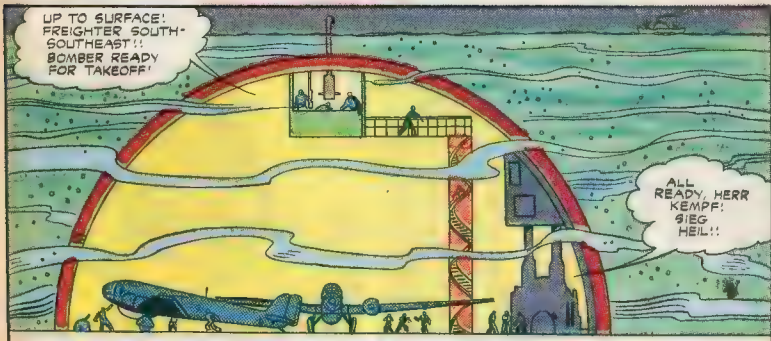
VY DOESN'T DAT DUMKOFF
REPORT?? DID HE KILL
DER SHIP'S CAPTAIN
OR NOT?? VY...??

HERR KEMP!! QVICK!
I'VE PICKED UP A
SHIP'S PROPELLOR
BEATS, TWO MILES
SOUTH-SOUTHEAST!



UP PERI-
SCOPE!!
AH-H-H,
A BEAUTIFUL
TEN-THOUSAND
TON ENGLANDER
FREIGHTER! STAND
BY TO SURFACE!
BOMBER CREWS
AT POST!

UP TO SURFACE!
FREIGHTER SOUTH-
SOUTHEAST!!
BOMBER READY
FOR TAKEOFF!



ALL
READY, HERR
KEMP!
SIEG
HEIL!!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
CAP'N??

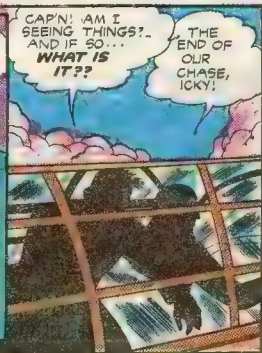
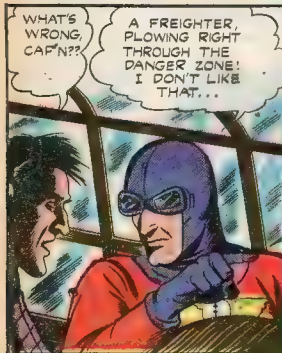
A FREIGHTER,
PLOWING RIGHT
THROUGH THE
DANGER ZONE!
I DON'T LIKE
THAT...

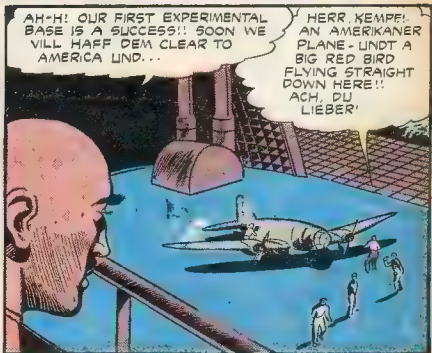
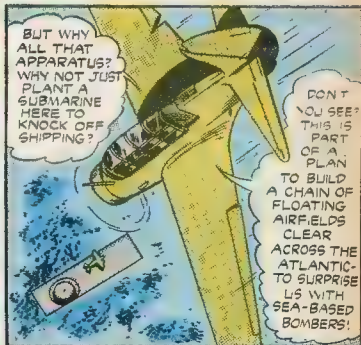
THEIR PRESENCE HERE
MAY BRING OUR CHASE
TO A HEAD... OR IT MAY
SPOIL EVERYTHING!
KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR
A PERISCOPE, ICKY!

CAP'N! AM I
SEEING THINGS?..
AND IF SO...
**WHAT IS
IT??**

THE
END OF
OUR
CHASE,
ICKY!

I DON'T GET
THIS AT ALL! I
WISH...
HOLY SMOKE!...





SAILING DOWNWARD ON THE WINGS
OF HIS GLIDERCHUTE...

OH-OH!!
SOME AERO-
BATS ARE
CALLED
FOR...
BUT
FAST!

BIRD??
YOU DUMMOX!
DOT'S **CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!!**
KILL HIM!

OOF!

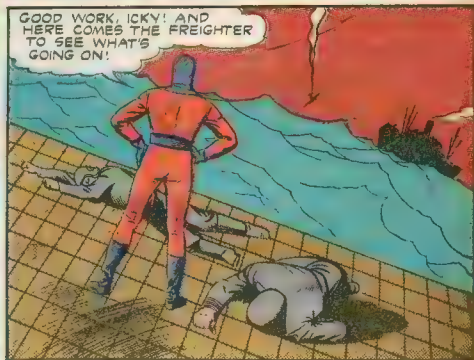
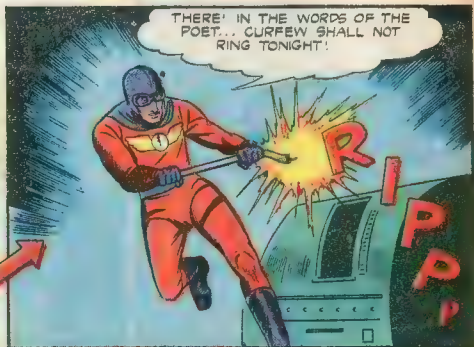
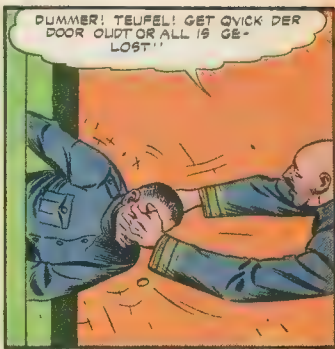
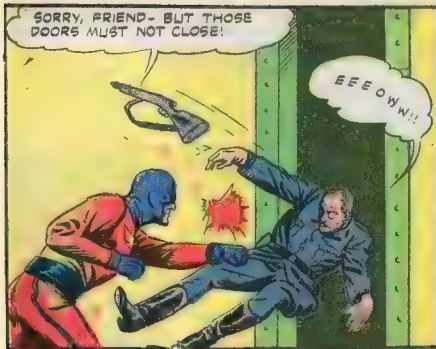
HERE'S A
LITTLE PRESENT
I PROMISED
TO DELIVER...
FROM CAPTAIN
MURPHY OF
THE
AGNES!!

DER FOOLS: VILE DEY
HOLD HIM, I VILL
SUBMERGE UND DROWN
DOT TEUFEL!! VUNCE
I GET DOT
DOOR SHUT!

OH-OH-- ONE
SIDE, BOYS!
YOUR BOSS HAS
NASTY IDEAS!

VEN DER DOORS SHUT,
DOWN VE GO!! LET DOSE
LUDDER FOOLS DIE MIT HIM!

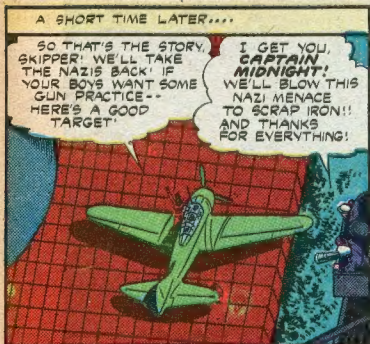
WOW! THOSE
DOORS ARE
ALMOST SHUT!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

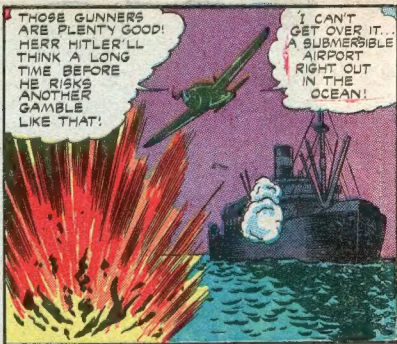
SO THAT'S THE STORY, SKIPPER! WE'LL TAKE THE NAZIS BACK! IF YOUR BOYS WANT SOME GUN PRACTICE-- HERE'S A GOOD TARGET!

I GET YOU, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! WE'LL BLOW THIS NAZI MENACE TO SCRAP IRON!! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



THOSE GUNNERS ARE PLENTY GOOD! HERR HITLER'LL THINK A LONG TIME BEFORE HE RISKS ANOTHER GAMBLE LIKE THAT!

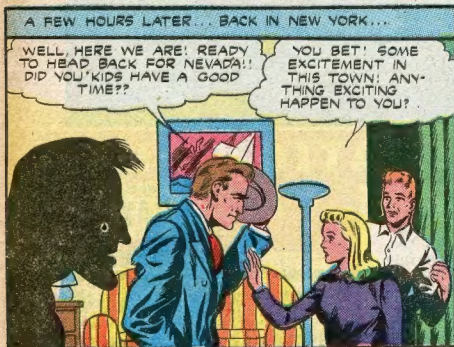
I CAN'T GET OVER IT... A SUBMERSIBLE AIRPORT RIGHT OUT IN THE OCEAN!



A FEW HOURS LATER... BACK IN NEW YORK...

WELL, HERE WE ARE! READY TO HEAD BACK FOR NEVADA!! DID YOU KIDS HAVE A GOOD TIME??

YOU BET! SOME EXCITEMENT IN THIS TOWN! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN TO YOU?



WHO-- US?? EVERYTHING WAS QUIET! JUST ROUTINE!! RIGHT, ICKY??

ABSOLUTELY, CAP'N!! I WAS NEVER SO BORED IN MY LIFE!



Hear CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT every evening, Monday through Friday, over these Stations

Austin, Texas
Bakersfield, Calif.
Baltimore, Md.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Bay City, Mich.
Bloomington, Ind.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Burlington, Iowa
Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Mo.
Davenport, Iowa
Denver, Cal.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.

KNOW
KERN
WCBM
WELL
WBCN
KFDM
WHDH
WNAZ
WEBR
KBUS
KFBC
WENR
WSAI
WVW
KFRU
WOC
KVOD
KIO
WKYZ

Eric, Penna.
Films, Mich.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Texas
Fresno, Calif.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Texas
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Kansas City, Mo.
Lansing, Mich.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Manchester, N. H.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.
Newport, Va.
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WLEU
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WIBM
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WJIM
KSCA
WINN
WMUR
WICN
WEL
WGM
WJZ

Oklahoma City, Okla.
Olean, N. Y.
Omaha, Nebr.
Philadelphia, Penna.
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Plattsburg, N. Y.
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San Francisco, Calif.
Sarasota Lake, N. Y.

KTKO
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KFSD
KTSS
KOD
WNEZ

Seattle, Wash.
Shenandoah, Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Stamford, Conn.
Stockton, Calif.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio
Tray (and Albany), N. Y.
Tulsa, Okla.
Waco, Texas
Washington, D. C.
Waterloo, Iowa
Wenatchee, Wash.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Wichita, Kans.
Winchester, Va.

KIR
KMA
KGA
WSPR
WBR
KWG
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KFOK
WAGS
WTOL
WTRY
KOME
WAGO
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WHPA
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This dependable Hospitalization Plan PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY exactly as provided. Do not confuse this policy with the others that skip paying benefits for the first 7 or 14 days of disability.

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You or members of your family may be protected against Hospitalization resulting from Sickness or Accident. Everyone, in good health, from 6 months to 70 years of age can now apply for this policy.

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I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



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Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

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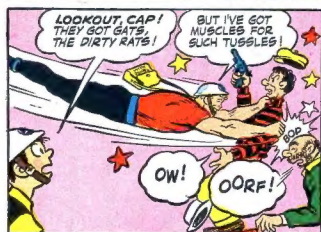
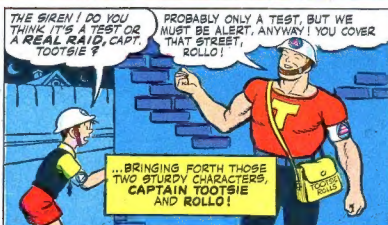
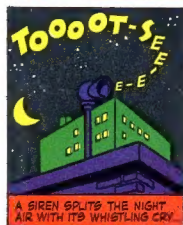
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